THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For OCTOBER, 1813.

VOL. X.

The Fifty-eighth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

W. G. *is informed, that the Poetical Magazine has long been discontinued: his pieces will be returned on application to the publisher.*

We shall be happy to receive the drawings alluded to by Mr. Gregson.

The highly interesting Memoirs of the celebrated Mozart *are received, and will appear in our next.*

Having received, through the kindness of Mr. Bennett, of Lloyd's Coffee-house, a drawing of the Military Columns intended to be erected at Moscow and Petersburg with the ordnance taken from the French during the last campaign, we shall next month present our readers with an engraving of these truly interesting monuments.

A Dabbler in Literature is assured, that The Debating Society *shall have a place in our next publication.*

Several poetical contributions are unavoidably deferred.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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———————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(*Continued from p. 130.*)

Miss *Eve*. Do you know any particulars of Sir John Suckling, the poet?

Miss *K*. He was the son of Sir John S. comptroller of the household to King Charles I. and was born in 1609. He particularly cultivated music and poetry, and was universally allowed to be one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time. In his youth he travelled on the Continent, where he made a campaign under the great Gustavus Adolphus: "and if his valour," says Langbaine, "was not so remarkable in the beginning of the civil wars, yet his loyalty was extremely conspicuous; for, at his own charge, he raised a troop of horse for the king's service, so richly and completely mounted, that it is said to have cost him £12,000." But these troops and their leader distinguished themselves only by their finery. His death, which happened in 1642, is said by Dr. Warton, in his *Essay on Pope*, to have been occasioned by the following circumstance:—He was robbed by his valet de chambre; the moment he discovered it, he clapped on his boots in a passionate hurry, and perceived not a large rusty nail that was concealed at the bottom, which pierced his heel and brought on a mortification. His works, which were collected into one volume, consist of a few poems, chiefly songs, sketches, tracts, letters, and five plays.

Miss *Eve*. Will you give me a specimen of his songs?

Miss *K*. Here is one on love.

Of thee, kind boy, I ask no red and white,
To make up my delight,
No odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good store
Of love for her I court,
I ask no more,
'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
It is mere cosenage all:

For though some long ago
Liked certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new;
If I a fancy take
To black or blue,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight;
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a pheasant is.
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

His plays were performed at the private house in Blackfriars, where Apothecaries' Hall now stands.

Miss *Eve.* Will you repeat another of Suckling's songs?

Miss *K.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
Prythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner,
Prythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame—this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The devil take her!

Here is another of his sonnets on love:—

Dost see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone,
But mark the fate of faces;
The red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not see.

And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
And still the self-same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt,
And suffer from those fires.
Oh! some kind power, unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes!
She ev'ry day her man does kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her pow'r then nor my will
Can question'd be;
What is the mystery?
Sure beauty's empire, like to greater states,
Has certain periods set and hidden fates.

Shakspeare, just before his death, began a sonnet, which he left unfinished, in this manner:—

One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
Which therefore swell'd and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be robb'd of such a bliss:
The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long;
The other blush'd 'cause it had done the wrong.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green satin quilt, whose perfect white
Look'd like a daisy in a field of grass——

Thus far Shakspeare.

Miss *Eve.* Suppose we try to finish this sonnet. I will for amusement offer a prize for a competition of poets. The decision will divert us at some future time.

Miss *K.* Suckling thus continued it:—

And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight.
There lay this pretty Perdue safe to keep
The rest o'th' body that lay fast asleep.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
Strove to imprison beauty till the morn;
And yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
That it broke through and shew'd itself in scorn,
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles still a'st came near her face.

The last stanza I cannot at this moment recollect.

Miss *Eve.* Can you repeat any thing of Mrs. Rowe's writings, as a specimen of her manner?

Miss *K.* Here is one of her *Letters from the Dead*:—

"There is a region, immense spaces distant from that system which is enlightened by your sun, and created numberless ages before the foundations of the earth were laid and the measure thereof described, before the day-spring

knew its place, and the bounds of darkness were determined, before man was formed of the ground and the Almighty breathed into him a living soul. An immeasurable duration before this, the unlimited Creator had made and peopled millions of glorious worlds: the inhabitants of that which I am describing, stood their probation, and we confirmed them in their original rectitude. They are exempt from all evil, blest to the height of their faculties and conceptions, and privileged with immortality. Their residence may properly be called the enchanted world: whatever you have heard fabled of fairy scenes, of vocal groves, and palaces rising to magic sounds, is all real here, and performed by the easy and natural operations of these active spirits. I have in an instant seen palaces ascend to a majestic height, sparkling as the stars and transparent as the unclouded æther. I might describe them like the courtly prophet:—"Their walls were fair colours, their foundations sapphire, the windows of agate, and the gates of carbuncle." Their materials are all glittering and refined, not, like the earthly globe, dark and heavy. These ætherials are the nicest judges of symmetry and proportion, and by the disposition of light and shadow, and the mixture of a thousand dazzling colours, form the most charming prospects. They have such a command and knowledge of the powers of nature, that, in an instant, they raise a variety of sylvan scenes, and carry their perspective though verdant avenues and flowery walks, to an immeasurable length; while living fountains cast up their silver spouts, and form glittering arches among the trees of growth and verdure not to be expressed. They are acquainted with all the utmost mysteries of sound, and are possessed with the very soul of harmony. Art is their's in all its charming notes, its blandishments and graces. Whatever Nature can boast in her wild licentious charms, is governed by them. The winding vales, the streams and groves breathe magic at their command. The nightingale and dying swan seem to complain to gentle zephyrs, whispering through the trees; whilst a thousand airy songsters warble to the measured fall of high cascades, which by intervals sinking into a deep silence, after a grateful pause, shrill recorders and silver trumpets sound, while harmless thunders roll above and break with a glorious solemnity. Still the blissful tempest rises and swells the mind to sacred grandeur and seraphic elevation, till subdued and melted into softness by the melody of tuneful reeds, warbling lutes, and sweet enchanting voices of the Lydian strain. The language of this charming region is perfectly musical and elegant, and becoming the inhabitants, who are fair and rosy as the opening morn, clear as the meridian light, and fragrant as the breath of jessamine or new-blown roses. How exquisitely proportioned their shapes! their aspect how transporting! how gentle, how charming, beyond all the race of mortal men! never did the eyelids of the morning open on such perfection, nor did the sun, since it first journeyed through the skies, behold such beauty; nor can human fancy, in its most inspired flights, conceive such amiable wonders."

Miss *Eve*. Can you give me any account of Mrs. Centlivre?

Miss *K*. Mrs. Susannah Centlivre was the daughter of Mr. Freeman, of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, a Dissenter and a zealous parliamentarian, for which his estate was confiscated. She was born about 1680; her father died when she was only three years of age, and her mother before she was twelve. Whincop, who seems to have taken pains to collect various circumstances of her life that are no where else related, says, that being thus left destitute, she found it necessary to set out for London to seek better fortune. As she was proceeding on her journey on foot, she was met by a young gentleman of the university of Cambridge, who was no other than the afterwards well-known Anthony Hammond. Struck with her youth and beauty, and affected with the distress indicated by her whole appearance, he fell instantly in love with her; and after learning the particulars of her story, soon prevailed on her inexperienced innocence to accept the protection which he offered and accompany him to Cambridge. Here he equipped her in boy's clothes, and introduced her to his intimates at college as a relation who was come to see the university and pass some time with him. After an intercourse of some months, fearing probably lest the intrigue should be discovered, he persuaded her to go to London, providing her with money for the purpose, and giving her a promise, which however it does not appear that he ever performed, of following her thither. She afterwards so improved herself by reading and conversation, as to be qualified to write for the stage, which she did as successfully as any of her sex. Her *Wonder*, *Gamester*, *Busy-body*, and *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, are often performed at this time. She particularly excelled in the contrivance of plots and incidents. Sir Richard Steele says, "The plots and incidents of her *Busy-body* are laid with that subtlety and spirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct."

She was three times married; first, before she was fifteen, to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox; her second husband was a Mr. Carrol, an officer in the army, who was killed in a duel; and the third, Mr. Joseph Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth, or principal cook, to Queen Anne and George I. She died at his house in Spring-Gardens, near Charing-Cross, Dec. 1. 1723, and was buried in the church of St. Martin in the Fields.

Mrs. Centlivre was the author of nineteen dramatic pieces, among which the *Cruel Gift, or Royal Resentment*, is her only attempt in the tragic walk, and it is very far from being a bad one. The plot is founded on the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, in Boccaccio's novels: a poetical version of it was finely executed by Dryden, and published among his *Fables*. This lady also wrote many ingenious letters, under the title of *Letters of Wit, Politeness, and Morality*, and several copies of verses on various subjects. When Prince Eugene

was in England, she addressed a poem to him, for which he presented her a gold snuff-box, valued at 35 pistoles.

Miss *Eve.* Steele observes, that craft in a woman is the effect of nature and instinct: what have some other of these geniuses said on the nature of woman?

Miss *K.* Some of them say, that women have no character at all, but become very much like those with whom they chance to be connected.

Miss *Eve.* Tell me what they say particularly.

Miss *K.* That a woman would rather her lover should be hanged than part with him to the arms of a rival.

Miss *Eve.* Lucy Lockit says the same thing to Macheath:—"My dear, I love you so, that I could sooner see you hanged than in the arms of another."

Miss *K.* It is also alledged, that some ladies lay so much stress upon ornament, that, if we could see into their hearts, we should find, that even the thoughts of death are made less painful to them by the contemplation of their being laid out in state and honourably attended to the grave.

Miss *Eve.* This reminds me of Pope's lines:—

"Odious in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Where the last words that poor Narcissa spoke);
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

Miss *K.* A woman, it is likewise said, always expects a present from her lover. If a queen were to intrigue with her groom, she would expect from him a mark of kindness, though it were but his curry-comb.

Miss *Eve.* How severe is the song on women which Macheath sings:—

A man may escape the rope and the gun,
Nay, some have escaped the doctor's pill;
But he that takes woman is undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.

Miss *K.* This is in character. Macheath is in a rage, and speaks of bad women who have not those motives of attachment which virtuous women have. Some have asserted, that our sex is made up chiefly of love and vanity. Colley Cibber, speaking of the ancient Spartan dames and Roman matrons, observed, "When I consider the beauties and deformities, when I light on a Portia or a Cornelia, crowned with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I had then lived and tasted of their lawful, envied love; but when I meet a Messalina unsated in her foul desires, a Clytemnestra bathed in her husband's blood, an impious Tullia whirling her chariot over her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties."

Miss *Eve.* Our sex is charged with vanity; is not a great part of the other sex also very subject to it?

Miss *K.* Yes; but very few, indeed, will own this. Fielding truly says, "O vanity! how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under various disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity, nay, thou

hast even the assurance to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed, is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public, yet how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private! nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villanies are daily practised to please thee, nor is the meanest thing below, or the greatest hero above thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and the sole reward of private robbery and the plundered province. It is to pamper thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do:—all our passions are thy slaves."

Miss *Eve*. I forgot to ask which you think deserves the preference, Susannah Centlivre, or Aphra Behn?

Miss *K*. As the best and most successful dramatic writer, the former; but, altogether, Behn and Centlivre should divide the crown among modern female writers.

Miss *Eve*. What are Mrs. Behn's dates?

Miss *K*. She was the daughter of a Mr. Johnson, of a good family at Canterbury, where she was born some time in Charles the First's reign, but in what year is uncertain. She died of a lingering indisposition in April 1689, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, with this epitaph:—

> Here lies a proof, that wit can never be
> Defence enough against mortality.

Of her dramatic pieces, eighteen in number, I do not recollect one among the stock plays. She also wrote many novels and histories, such as, *The History of Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave*, from which Southern took his play of *Oroonoko*; *The Fair Jilt, or the Amours of Prince Tarquin and Miranda*; *The Nun, or the Perjured Beauty*; *The History of Agnes de Castro*; *The Lover's Watch, or the Art of making Love*; and *The Lucky Mistake*; besides poems, letters, &c. With the American prince Oroonoko, whose adventures she has so pathetically related, she formed a personal intimacy during her residence in Surinam, whither she accompanied her father, who had been appointed lieutenant-general of that colony. This intimacy, and the interest which she took in his affairs, added to her own youth and beauty, afforded an opportunity to the censorious to accuse her of a nearer connection with him than that of friendship. Here are some lines written upon this lady in her lifetime:—

> Oh! wonder of thy sex, where shall we see
> Beauty and knowledge join'd, except in thee?
> Such pains took nature with your heav'nly
> face,
> Form'd it for love, and moulded ev'ry grace;
> We doubted first, and fear'd that you had been
> Unfinish'd left, like other shes, within;
> We see the folly of that fear, and find
> Your face is not more beauteous than your
> mind.

Miss *Eve*. I think this lady's poetry bears the character of being rather too licentious.

Miss *K*. Here is a newspaper on the table, in which is a criticism on a play that was acted last week. It says, that "it is as high seasoned as if it was written by a woman." As for Mrs. Behn, she wrote in a

very licentious age, and it should also be considered, that,

—those who live to please, must please to live.

Here is a character of her by a lady who prefixed some memoirs of her life to an edition of her novels:—"Mrs. Behn was of a generous, humane disposition, something passionate, very serviceable to her friends in all that was in her power, and could sooner forgive an injury than do one. She had wit, humour, good nature, and judgment; she was mistress of all the pleasing arts of conversation; she was a woman of sense, and consequently a lover of pleasure. For my part, I knew her intimately, and never saw aught unbecoming the just modesty of our sex, though more gay and free than the folly of the precise will allow."

Miss *Eve.* I think Colley Cibber was once poet laureat. Had not Daniel that appointment in the reign of James I.?

Miss *K.* Yes.

Miss *Eve.* Who have held it since?

Miss *K.* Since Ben Jonson, who succeeded Daniel, and died in 1636, there have been, Sir William Davenant, who died 1668; John Dryden, who was deprived of the laureatship for turning Papist, and was succeeded by Thomas Shadwell, who died 1692. He was succeeded by Nahum Tate, who died 1716; then came Laurence Eusden, who died 1730. It was then conferred on Colley Cibber, who died 1757; afterwards on William Whitehead, who died 1785; Thomas Warton, who died 1790; and is now vacant by the death of Henry James Pye, Esq. who died in August 1813.

Richard Savage styled himself voluntary laureat, and received a gratuity of £50 a year from Caroline, Queen to George II.

Miss *Eve.* I have seen some lines written by Dryden on changing his religion; can you repeat them?

Miss *K.* They are as follow:—

But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther for thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake.
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wand'ring fires,
Follow'd false lights, and when their blaze was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I—such by nature still I am:
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task, my doubts are done!

JUNINUS.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXV.

THE French cruizers from the Isles of France and Bourbon, captured three or more of our Indiamen; and the evil did not rest here: for formerly the balance of bullion remitted to India from Arabia, &c. amounted to 12 lack of dollars, at the least, per annum, for their piece goods and other articles; but in 1805, its amount was only 2 lack, which defalcation was owing to the increase of vessels bearing the flag of the Imaum of Muscat. Under the protection of this flag, which

was considered as neutral, they brought rice to these islands, and returned with full cargoes of prize goods, which they purchased here *at less than half their prime cost.* They were thus enabled to undersell us very considerably in all parts bordering on the Red Sea, as well as in Arabia, Egypt, &c.; and thereby not only very much injured the regular trade of Surat and Bombay, but also greatly encouraged and extended the privateering carried on from these islands, whose inhabitants would otherwise have had no means of disposing of the property they had captured: and it was also universally believed, and very nearly ascertained, that the Muscat flag was only used as a cover, and that the goods thus exported to Arabia, &c. were absolutely and *bona fide* French property.

Much more mischief would certainly have ensued to our Indian settlements in the before-mentioned year 1782, had the large armament fitted out from France, and designed for this island, arrived in safety. This armament consisted of eighteen large store-ships, under convoy of three line-of-battle ships, and another *armé en flute:* but a squadron of our ships, under the command of Admiral Barrington, falling in with them, captured the Pegase, a 74, one of the convoy; another of the convoy was lost; L'Actionaire, the ship *armé en flute*, was taken by the Prudent, Lord Charles Fitzgerald; and ten out of the eighteen store-ships were also captured. These last were laden with masts, rigging of all kinds, and other naval stores; with provisions, wine, brandy, clothing, and eleven chests of silver; L'Actionaire also carried 550 soldiers, and the lower masts for four seventy-fours. Thus was this formidable armament in great part rendered useless, otherwise our India Company would most probably have rued the day of its arrival. Had the ministry here been called upon, at any of the before recited periods, to say why they suffered the enemy to keep possession here, unmolested, for such a length of time, perhaps it might be urged in their defence, that, at the earlier periods specified, government did not take such an interest in the welfare of the Company as they have since done; neither was the Company itself of such consequence to the nation at those periods, as to warrant the administration fitting out a sufficient armament at a great expence for the capture: but the latter excuse cannot be admitted, as, at several of the times alluded to, we had fleets either cruizing in those seas, or on their passage to India, as we shall shew. In 1749, Admiral Boscawen made an attempt here, but was unsuccessful:—why, does not appear, at least not in those accounts which we have consulted, but most probably for want of time, on the change of the monsoon: his fleet was a formidable one, consisting of 28 ships of war. Baron de Vaux, who was then a resident on the island, and had a command there, says, "When they arrived, our port was full of vessels belonging to the Company, with one ship of war of 60 guns, which was laid across the entrance of the port. The enemy remained off the island for several days."

MERCATOR & CO.

A TOUR THROUGH DERBYSHIRE AND PART OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

(Continued from p. 142.)

CHATSWORTH, Sept. 11, 1788.

Dear Friend,

IF a decent appearance without, and imposition accompanied with impertinence and abuse within doors, are any recommendation to an inn, the Edinsor Inn at Chatsworth certainly claims an undoubted preference to any I have yet met with in England. I am very glad to find myself this morning cured of the chagrin and ill humour occasioned by the treatment we met with last night, the particulars of which you shall have at the close of this letter.

We all slept on Tuesday night in one room at Castletown, owing to the house being crowded with guests. I had a good bed to myself, Mr. Harris and his friend slept together in a second, and Mr. de Heithausen in a third, which was placed on the floor in one corner of the room, the effect of which was, that he complained most woefully in the morning of his hip-bones, which during the night had been in too close contact with the floor, though the damage received was not so great as to render a plaister of diachylon necessary. We all started in the morning about five o'clock, and took a walk to see the Blue John Mine, which is a term for the spar of which the vases and other ornaments are made.

The mine is about one mile and a half distant from the town, and difficult of access, being situated at a considerable height on the side of a steep hill, which forms part of the range called the Wynyads. They exhibit a very strange appearance, on account of the rocks, which in some places resemble high rugged walls running from the bottom to the top. Between them, the road which leads to Chapel in le Frith, runs in a very steep and winding direction. The mine is about 50 yards above the road, from which a narrow path is cut in the side of the hill, with a gradual descent. The entrance is six feet high and six broad, cut out of the solid rock, and carried on for about 70 yards in a direction nearly horizontal; towards the extremity you descend by steps about 20 feet, where a considerable opening has been formed by the great quantity of spar that has been taken away. It is found sometimes in strata of different thickness, inclosed in a soft white stone called calk, and sometimes in lumps, of very irregular forms and sizes, in the rock and clay. Very large quantities are disposed of to those persons who work it up into various kinds of ornaments. They purchase it at the mine, and pay seven shillings per cwt. for the best and largest pieces. Those of smaller size and inferior quality are sold considerably cheaper. Much judgment is requisite in designing and executing any piece of work out of a rude lump of spar, so that the most beautiful veins may appear to most advantage. The rich purple colour which you see in the spar is not natural to it, for it is

originally blue; but by undergoing a certain degree of heat in stoves built for the purpose, the colour is thus changed. This is kept a secret as much as possible, and was discovered some years ago by a person who observed the effect in a piece of spar that had for a long time been exposed to the sun in an old wall, and thereby changed its colour. This gave the hint to further experiments by fire, which have succeeded as above-mentioned, and given an additional beauty and value to the stone. It was Lord Besborough who first introduced it into notice; for being, about thirty years ago, on a visit at Chatsworth House, where it was then saved for the walks instead of gravel, it attracted his notice, and he procured a lump, which he got worked into a vase by a Mr. Bradbury, at Bakewell, an ingenious man in that line of business. The first attempt was rude, but vast improvements were afterwards made, and the manufacture is now carried on in several places with great success. You see at a small distance the celebrated Mam Torr, or shivering mountain, so called from a very high and perpendicular declivity on one side, where small fragments of shale or shiver, of which the mountain is composed, are continually falling off, and this (if you chuse to credit the oral tradition of the country) without any diminution of its bulk; but this is too gross an absurdity to deserve confuting, or to gain credit with any but those who most easily believe the marvellous and improbable.—The mountain certainly diminishes, but by such slow degrees, that it is not perceptible to continual observers.—After having attentively examined the spar mine, we returned to our quarters, breakfasted, and then set off; but after riding half a mile out of town, recollected that we had forgotten to satisfy our good-natured guide, who had conducted us from Glossop over the mountains. One of the company rode back, and overtook him on the other side of the town, on his way home: the man could hardly be persuaded to accept of any thing for his trouble, but seemed most to regret his not having had an opportunity to take leave of us: this denoted him to be of a very different cast from the generality of folks in that country, who take all possible advantages of strangers. We passed by Haselbag Hills and Birr Torr, a part of the country distinguished by a great number of lead-mines, which extend a considerable way on the sides of the hills and over the moors. They have at proper distances openings from the mines to the surface, called shafts, for the convenience of descent and bringing up the ore, without carrying it so far under ground. Those which are made only for the miners to go up and down, are two feet and a half in diameter, and circular; the sides are secured with stones, and cavities are left, in which they may place their feet at the opposite side; and thus they descend to a great depth without the smallest apprehension of danger, when the idea alone fills those with terror who are not accustomed to such enterprizes. Some of the holes are cased with a kind of wooden frame-work, which renders the descent more safe and convenient, since, in case of a false

step, they have the security of a good hold with their hands.

Working at the lead-mines is an occupation very pernicious to health, when no precautions are taken to admit fresh air: this is very evident from the sallow and unhealthy complexions of those employed in the business. Those especially who work in the smelting-houses are very subject to a disorder called, in that district, the *bellan*, which is an ulceration of the lungs, and deemed incurable by the physicians. An airy and elevated spot is therefore generally chosen for such work, to give, if possible, a more free vent to the smoke and noxious exhalations. Seeing a man at a mine in a field adjoining the road, we dismounted, turned our horses in to graze, and went to the mine. His complexion and features resembled those of a Chinese or Calmuck Tartar, which, with his miner's dress, rendered him a very droll figure. We, however, found, upon conversing with him, that he was a native of this country, civil and communicative; for which, as also for the damage our horses had done to his pasture, we recompensed him with a trifling gratuity, and then pursued our route to Fulow, an inconsiderable village, where an acquaintance of Mr. Harris lives, who has an excellent collection of fossils; which, however, we were disappointed of seeing, by not finding the owner at home. The domestics expressed their regret at our disappointment, and to make us some amends, brought out a mug of excellent ale.

We went from thence to Eyham, a considerable village, having a number of very good houses and a pleasant situation. The agreeable appearance of the place attracted our notice much, and induced us to stop half an hour. Having always a particular pleasure in exploring a country church-yard, viewing the monuments, and reading the simple, though frequently expressive, epitaphs and inscriptions, I here found a rich feast; for the church-yard was crowded with a greater variety of tomb-stones than any place I had ever seen before: but I had hardly begun to amuse myself, when I was summoned away by my companions, who would not stop any longer. I could not resist the impulse of attempting a sketch of a curious antique stone, which was placed at the head of a grave, in the form of a cross about seven feet high. It was wonderfully carved with the heads of old-fashioned cherubim and other ornaments; but finding that my drawing bore still less resemblance to those celestial beings than even my originals, which were certainly not portraits from the life, I have not thought proper to inclose it: that you may, however, not doubt of my having been there, I will give you one epitaph, which, if it is not very poetical, contains truth and common sense:—

Vain world, adieu! and farewell, fond renown!
Grant us, dear Lord, with thee a heavenly crown.
For what is life? How mutable and vain!
An hour of pleasure, and an age of pain.

This, as well as many of the rest, is probably the composition of Roger, the parish clerk, who perhaps may have spent a whole forenoon and ransacked several authors on the occasion. But, Criticism, be silent,

and wound not the reputation of one, who may unenvied pass for a sage in the village, and frequently be consulted as an oracle! We called at Mr. Bennison's, a dealer in fossils. He was not at home; but his wife showed us his collection, which was nothing extraordinary. Mr. Harris purchased two small specimens of white transparent stone, for which he paid a shilling; but assured us that some years ago they would have sold for twenty guineas, as at that time it was very scarce, and asserted by the dealers to be the production of China. He intended to send them to Paris, where he has connections in that line. Leaving Eyham, we turned immediately to the left, and entered Middleton Dale, but found, that, by having made the route which we did, we missed the greatest and most pleasant part of the dale; the end nearest Stony Middleton being continually clouded with smoak, arising from the lime-works and smelting-houses: of the former there is a great number continually burning. Just at the corner as you enter the dale from Eyham, some very fanciful improvements of a Mr. Longston attract your notice. His grounds reach to the extremity of the cliffs, where, with much ingenuity, he has blended nature and art together, and introduced some well designed grotto-works amongst the rocks that hang over the declivity, which, with the hanging wood and ivy that encircle them, together with their great elevation, render the view very grotesque and striking, so that one can hardly leave it without secret regret. The rocks in Middleton Dale are principally on the left hand as you go from Castletown, and form appearances resembling towers of different heights and dimensions, and are mostly composed of strata from two or three to seven feet thick, with a thin layer of earth or clay between. Some of these towers are 200 feet high: it must be observed, that they do not stand free from the hill-side, but only project, and compose one side of that part of the dale. On the right hand the hills are green and without rocks, except a fragment here and there, and rise with a steep ascent immediately from the river, which, with the road, forms the whole breadth of the valley. We went into a smelting-house, and saw the whole process of separating the lead from the ore. The first operation is effected with an ordinary degree of heat, but as much lead remains in the scoria, or dross, a much more intense heat is requisite for extracting what is left; and for this purpose they make use of a huge pair of bellows, worked by water. The heat and smell at such places is almost intolerable, and obliged us to hurry out as fast as possible. We had in the mean time entrusted our horses to the care of a boy, from whom they broke loose and ran away, and had it not been for a man who fortunately secured them, the consequences might have been very disagreeable.

We put up at the Man in the Moon in Stony Middleton, had an excellent dinner and civil usage, with very moderate charges; after which, hardly allowing ourselves sufficient time for proper digestion, we set off for Ashford, to see the marble-mills there: passed through

Hassop, a delightful village, containing many decent houses and gentlemen's seats. Among the rest, that of Squire Air distinguishes itself: the house is an ancient structure, but presents an aspect of neatness and elegance; the park and pleasure-grounds are extensive and rich, affording us for a considerable way a fine refreshing shade on each side of the road. The pleasing effects of this, with the prospects of a well cultivated country, to us, who had made a sudden transition from barren, dreary, and rocky regions, may easily be imagined. The family of Squire Air are Roman Catholics, which may probably be the occasion of a Romish priest residing in the village, who bears an excellent character, and is reputed a connoisseur in fossils and all kinds of natural curiosities. We rode through a small village called Longston, and soon reached Ashford in the Waters, so called, I suppose, from its having a very plentiful supply of that element. The situation of the town is low, very agreeable and romantic, and surrounded with hills. We called at the marble-mills, which belong to a company, and are superintended by a Mr. Platt, a plain, honest, ingenious, and good-natured man. We could not help rejoicing upon this, as well as upon many other occasions, at our good fortune in meeting with Mr. Harris, since his connections and acquaintance in this country introduced us to several places which we should not have heard of, or at best, have seen only by recommendation, which seldom proves so satisfactory as a personal introduction. Mr. Platt invited us into his parlour, and presently decorated his table with good bread, butter, and cheese, with ale, rum, &c. of which he pressed us to partake with genuine hospitality. I would not willingly suggest, that the prospect of some dealings in his line with our friend, might have had some influence on him; the man seemed constitutionally good natured, that may have perhaps rendered him a little more so at the time. As soon as we had refreshed ourselves, we took a view of the place and mills. The parlour and kitchen floors were flagged with slabs of marble full of curious petrifactions, chiefly of the entrochi kind, many of them very excellent specimens. There is a large quarry of this in the neighbourhood, for sawing, grinding, and polishing which, the mills were erected. That part of the machinery for performing the first operation, had been out of order for some time and not used, but Mr. Platt contrived to set it a-going upon a block of marble, just to give us an idea of the contrivance and expedition with which it is sawn into slabs. Eleven of those are cut out of one block at a time. The pieces are then laid horizontally in a circular building upon the floor, where they are ground flat and smooth, and afterwards removed to the polishing engine: the whole is worked by water. The contrivance for shifting the position of the grinder and polisher over the surface of the marble in various directions, was very ingenious, and struck my attention much. We then saw the shops, where there were several curious pieces of workmanship ready for sale, some of which Mr. Harris purchased. After thanking Mr.

Platt for all kindness shewn to us, and much pleased with what we had seen, we left the place and steered for Bakewell, a very neat town in a romantic situation. Young Mr. Arkwright has here some elegant and spacious silk-mills, adjoining to which is his dwelling-house. An old mansion in the Gothic style, situated agreeably on the side of a hill, adds much to the beauty of the scene: it is the residence of a Mr. Winchester, but who he is, or what he is, or what he intends to be, I am not able to inform you. We left the town a little to the right, and ascended a steep hill that rises between it and Chatsworth. As soon as you reach the summit and begin to descend, you have a fine view of Chatsworth House and Park; the latter is in the whole about nine miles in circumference, and much diversified with thick, high woods, and small tufts of trees. We put up at the Edinsor Inn, near the lodge, drank a dish of tea, and then went to see the house and grounds. The former, as you approach it from the lodge, immediately gives the impression of grandeur and magnificence. It is a very large quadrangular edifice, of the Doric order. Within the square, on the four sides, are colonnades, over which are galleries, that form a communication from one part of the house to another. Unfortunately for us, the housekeeper was engaged, so that we got a maid for our conductor, who was a complete ignoramus, and from whom we could procure no information concerning the paintings or any thing we saw. As it was rather late when we arrived, there was not light sufficient to view the paintings to any advantage; a circumstance we had much reason to regret, there being a very superb collection by the most eminent masters. The chapel is very spacious, and elegantly fitted up with mahogany pews and crimson velvet cushions: divine service is performed there every Sunday. Many of the rooms are decorated with rich tapestry, which seemed equal to that at Hampton Court. We were shewn the suite of apartments occupied by Queen Mary, when in custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, as also the bed and bedstead on which she slept. She was confined here some years. On such occasions the mind is naturally led to reflections on the sad vicissitudes frequently attendant upon human greatness. A large looking-glass placed against the wall in the end room, and just opposite to the long range of doors that lead out of one apartment into another, occasions a pleasing deception, by representing the range of rooms twice as long as it really is. Having satisfied our curiosity in the house, we were handed over to the gardener, whom we accompanied into the pleasure-grounds, which are adorned with very thick woods of tall, stately trees, forming several grand vistas. The ground rises from the back of the house with a gradual and easy ascent. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile, a pavilion is erected, with a cupola at the top, surrounded with a circular range of steps, down which, upon turning a cock, the water rushes in great abundance, as also from other parts of the building, where several fanciful figures are placed, and discharge streams

of water. Two very large jets rise in front of the building, whence the whole body of water rolls down the descent towards the house, consisting of nineteen stages, each nine paces long and about as many in breadth. There is a fall of two or three steps at every stage, so that when the whole is covered with water, and you stand at the bottom, the appearance is very grand. This, as well as the other fountains, is played the whole day when there is company at Chatsworth House; otherwise they are seldom used. The gardener has the liberty of letting on the water whenever he is requested by those who view the place. We then retired into the wood, where there is a large stone bason, supported by a column, in which a fountain is contrived to play so as to represent the half of a smooth globe of glass of two feet diameter, to which your attention is naturally directed; and as an inducement to go close up to it, the gardener informs you, that the water has the same degree of heat with those at Buxton. If he has to do with persons whom he supposes he may take the liberty to play with, while they dip their fingers in and are philosophizing about the supposed warmth, he secretly turns a cock and incloses them in a heavy shower of water, which is forced through a circular row of pipes, and is thrown in all directions. This generally occasions a very hearty laugh at the expence of those who are thus taken in. By mistake, we had nearly been served in that manner ourselves, but the gardener made an apology, assuring us that it was unintentional. A trick of the same nature is sometimes played in the pavilion, where a great number of water-spouts may be thrown up out of holes in the floor, and those who cannot make a precipitate retreat will be handsomely ducked. There is also a tree made of copper with much ingenuity, out of which the water spouts in various directions from the extremity of the branches. It represents a tree in autumn without leaves, and being well imitated, might easily pass for the production of nature. Near to this is a circular pond, in the center of which is a jet that plays sixty feet high; and nearer the house is another pond, in which are four sea-horses surrounding a Triton, all discharging streams of water. Time would not allow us to see the whole of the grounds, which are very extensive; so that we then left the place and went to our quarters, where the treatment we afterwards met with, confirmed the reports we had heard of the house. Under pretence of a company, who (they informed us) were expected to lodge there that night, we could only procure two beds, and even these with much seeming reluctance, and were obliged to ring the bell half a dozen times for every thing we wanted, which we at last did in good earnest, being determined, that as they seemed to like it so well, they should have enough of it. I then gave the landlady directions about supper, and ordered some roast fowls, naturally supposing that she would also provide some of the usual appendages. We waited a most unreasonable time, called repeatedly and rang several good peals with the bell, when at last two fowls were brought in, without

any concomitant whatever. On our expressing some surprise at this, we were told, with a very important air, that as we had given no direction for any thing else, it had not been provided. We replied, that as we had not given any express directions about the salt, it was a wonder that they had brought any to table. This conversation passed with the landlady's daughter, who was terribly vexed, observing, that they found no possibility of giving us any satisfaction, and wished that we had never entered the house; and farther, that we looked more like a parcel of skips than any thing else. This was too much for flesh and blood to put up with quietly. I felt old Adam at work within, who prompted me to tell her ladyship with some warmth, that she would do much better to hold her tongue, than to betray her ignorance and impertinence. Women always like to have the last word, and will if they can. "If I am ignorant," she replied, "I am sure I must not come to you to learn any thing."—"No," says I, "nor to any body else, for it does not seem as if you were capable of learning."—But enough of says she and says I. In short, the whole company fell foul upon her, and madam was obliged to make an inglorious retreat. The landlady having heard all that had passed, now made her appearance, but in a very different humour, and apologized for whatever we had taken amiss. Being all determined to leave the house very early next morning, we ordered the bill, and as we had good reason to expect, found every thing charged extravagantly high. The frequent visits paid to Chatsworth House, occasion a great resort of company to this inn, as there is no other of any repute in the village. This, together with the landlord's possessing an independent income, may account in a great measure for, though by no means excuse, the contemptuous behaviour of his family and servants. If circumstances will at all admit of it, I would recommend those who visit Chatsworth, to take up their night's lodgings at Bakewell, which is little more than two miles distant, and where common decent treatment and good manners might be ensured. I think as I have brought the day's adventure to a close, I will ease your attention, by engaging it no farther at present, except it be just to assure you, that I remain

Your's, &c.

* * * *

MATLOCK, Sept 12, 1788.

Dear Friend,

If there ever existed such a set of beings as the nine Muses, and if there ever was a spot on earth that was their favourite haunt, and where they inspired their votaries, this must have been the place. I can assure you, it is beautiful beyond description. What might we not expect from the pen of a Grub-street poet, were he taken up by the hair of his head from his garret, and instanteously placed in the midst of Matlock Dale? He who perhaps had never before been five miles out of town, and in his attic lodgings, surrounded with smoke and sulphur, wrote his rural poems, while the whistling wind rushing in at the key-hole, and the water pouring down the spout from the roof,

probably suggested the idea of cooling zephyrs and gentle murmuring streams. We might indeed expect a wonderful production, for here is every requisite to inspire the fancy and warm the imagination; fields, hills, rocks, cascades, vallies, grottos, trees, precipices, &c. I must own, that I found myself in some small degree heated with a poetic phrenzy, but as the disorder did not grow to maturity, you must content yourself with the best description I am able to give you in humble prose. However, we will first return to Chatsworth, which place we left early yesterday morning. As the weather was very foggy, we did not think it advisable (and so every conscientious doctor will think also,) to ride eleven miles before breakfast; therefore called at the other inn in the village, and had some bread and butter, with rum and new milk, on the strength of which we set out for Matlock; passed through a pleasant village called Darby Church, which is distinguished by a remarkably old yew-tree that stands in the church-yard, of 7 feet diameter in the trunk. We lost much of the fine prospect, on account of the thick fog, but every now and then the mountain tops reared their heads above it, sometimes covered with trees, which, when their lower parts were totally obscured, had a very singular and grand effect. A distant rainbow was also visible in the fog, which was a phenomenon I had never seen before.

We reached Matlock Bath about nine o'clock, put up at Mr. Mason's, at the Old Baths, a very decent house, and where Mr. Harris was well acquainted, which procured us a snug, decent room to ourselves, also dinner; an indulgence not easily allowed, because, as there are public dinners provided, they do not like the trouble and inconvenience of accommodating small parties by themselves, which will evidently appear to be a great hindrance, when there is a numerous resort of company. After having breakfasted, we went to view the place. The public baths and other houses are seated irregularly for a considerable distance in the dale, which is long and winding, enriched with the most romantic scenery that can well be imagined. The Derwent runs through with much variation in its current, sometimes sweeping round the promontory of a rock with silent rapidity, and then with an incessant murmur rolling over rocks and heaps of stones that form its bed. On that side of the river opposite to the houses, the banks are formed of steep rocks, richly clothed in most places with wood; and where they are bare, their white aspect, occasioned by long exposure to the weather, forms a very beautiful and striking contrast to the dark shades of the wood; all which, clearly reflected in the mirror below, exhibits a scene of such complicated grandeur, that it is with much reluctance the mind is disengaged from contemplating it. One of the rocks rears its rugged brows far above the rest, and is called Matlock High Torr, being near 300 feet high. The dale on the opposite side is bordered with high hills, which have nothing very striking in their form or appearance. All possible improvements

have, however, been made, and art has tried to assist nature. Among the rest, a Mr. Newsom, from Shrewsbury, who has built some new baths, has planted one of the highest hills with firs and other trees that thrive on elevated grounds, and has formed a walk from the bottom up to the summit, the ascent to which is rendered very easy, though rather tedious, by a zig-zag direction. When those trees shall have grown to maturity, these improvements will be no small addition to the whole.

We crossed the river at the ferry, and by a winding path ascended the hill on the opposite side, thro' a very thick wood; about half way up you find a seat in an arbour of grotto-work, where you may recover breath and look down on the landscape below. Impatience to gain the summit induces the traveller to indulge himself here no longer than just necessary, and, having reached the top, he is more than recompensed for his fatiguing ascent. The neat white houses and gardens scattered below, the river with its various appearances and meanders, the rich hanging woods that clothe the rocks, together with several tufts of trees that in many places nod over the water, form altogether as charming an assemblage of natural beauties as can possibly be conceived. The descent from the top of the rocks to the country situated behind them, is very gradual, and seems to afford good pasturage. We took a walk through several fields, which led us to a mine under the High Torr, the entrance being very near the river. The fields through which we had passed abounded with vestiges of old lead-mines, that have long been exhausted, and are now covered: you discover them by a heap of stones, and some bushes that generally grow around the place; over which it is, however, very unsafe to venture, as they sometimes give way. To save the trouble of filling the pit, the method is, just to stop it a few yards in depth with old timber and bushes, and cover the whole with stones. When the wood becomes rotten, it will easily give way, and though it has sometimes happened, that cattle have fallen in, yet long custom has established this method, and seemingly forbids the intrusion of one more secure and effectual. The mine which we entered is very rich with ore, and is cut in different branches, all in a horizontal direction. We pursued the most considerable track quite to the extremity, which was 250 yards from the entrance. We there found a man at work without his shirt; his visage was pale and ghastly, which I did not wonder at, considering his laborious occupation in confined air, rendered still worse by the continual smoke of candles and smell of gunpowder. The incessant striking with the hammer against the hard rock, increases the heat very much, so that even in the depth of winter the men work without clothes. They are paid a guinea per yard for cutting a passage through the rock, out of which they must find the necessary candles and gunpowder. It usually occupies them ten days; so that their earnings, when all deductions are made, cannot be very considerable. They have from 7s. 6d. to 12s. a load (about 7 cwt.)

for cutting out the ore, which varies according to its quantity and position in the rock. The king has the twenty-fifth part of the produce of these mines, and the whole district is superintended by barr-masters, whose office corresponds with that of excisemen in the revenue. No ore can be weighed or taken from the mines without their attendance, unless done by stealth. Every mine has its limits under-ground, determined by certain marks on the surface above, and which, according to the laws of the community, none dare trespass. If any person conversant with the mining business imagines that there is ore in your ground, you cannot hinder him from trying the experiment. If it succeeds, you may, if you choose, share with him the expence and profits of farther working it; if not, he may go on by himself, with only the obligation of making you a certain recompence for the ground which may be injured. Lordships, orchards, and gardens are the only places where thy dare not intrude without permission.

Having minutely examined the mine, and procured what information we could relative to the business, we returned to our inn, and ordered a dinner to ourselves, not being suitably equipped for the public ordinary, where all present generally make the most brilliant appearance possible. A council was then held about our future operations, the result of which was, an agreement to set off for Derby in the afternoon. I wished much to spend more time in such a delightful place, but not choosing to oppose the inclinations of the company, by persuading them to stay longer, I proposed to remain at Matlock that night, and meet them the following day at Derby, under the pretence of both myself and horse being too much fatigued to go forward. We were, to be sure, both a little stiff, but not so bad as I represented it. In short, the rest set out for Derby, and I was left alone, which afforded me an excellent opportunity of reconnoitring the place and enjoying its charms.

In the evening I took a walk towards Crumford, where Mr. Arkwright is building a most superb house, intended (if report speaks truth) to be the most splendid in England. It is now advanced a little more than one story, and though a competent judgment cannot be formed of the whole design by what appears, yet one may easily discover a greatness and grandeur in the design. The foundation has been cut entirely out of the solid rock, and I was assured that upwards of £4000 had been expended upon that alone, which no one will be inclined to doubt who sees the situation. When finished, it will certainly be a very noble object; and as in coming from Derby, it will break suddenly upon the view of the traveller, just as he enters the dale, between two large rocks, his eye will undoubtedly be struck with more astonishment, than if he had viewed it at a great distance, and gradually discovered its parts by a nearer approach. All England, I believe, hardly exhibits an instance of such a wonderful reverse of fortune as that of Mr. Arkwright, who from having been a penny barber, is now the first cotton-manufacturer in the kingdom: and as the greatest favourites of fortune

are generally most exposed to the tongues of envy and slander, he has had his share, and they have been very officious on all occasions to publish his low origin, and even to traduce his character. As to the former, it seems as if it would be no mortification to him were he to be told, that he once shaved for a penny and drew blood for nothing, for he frequently has boasted of it himself; undoubtedly assuming the more merit for his ingenuity and industry in raising himself to his present pitch of opulence. As to his character in the commercial world, to judge from appearances, one must suppose, from his continued attempts at monopolizing the trade, that he is insatiably avaricious; or that, rendered insolent and haughty with wealth, he is determined to crush, if possible, every feeble competitor who dares presume to share the business with him. Were I in the cotton trade, I should probably have more inclination as well as an opportunity of being acquainted with his character, but as it is, I am not at all interested in the matter. I will readily grant, that he is an ingenious man (I do not mean that he possesses merely the ingenuity of getting money, but a mechanical genius), that he makes very considerable improvements in the country, and employs a great number of children, who otherwise might have been destitute.

It was night when I returned from Crumford, the moon shone bright, and the air was clear, mild, and calm. The fine scenery, which appeared majestic by day, then appeared more so. All was solemnity and stillness; and as I am very apt on such occasions to call to mind some corresponding passages in our favourite poets, in such a situation who could hinder them from intruding? It is true, I am by no means such a strenuous and enthusiastic advocate as Dr. Young for night and moonshine, church-yards, tomb-stones, and skulls; these were all seemingly congenial with his disposition, which frequent disasters had strongly tinctured with gloom and melancholy. Such notions may be carried to an extreme, and persons become so captivated with shades and solitude, that at last, like owls and bats, they conceive an aversion to sunshine and society, and for which in the end they are rendered totally unfit. Let monks and hermits enjoy their gloomy cells and retreats; let poets, who choose it, loll on their elbows upon a tomb-stone all night long; I will not envy them their enjoyment, only let them guard against the rheumatism and tooth-ach. I enjoy clear daylight and social converse much better; at the same time, I am not averse to occasional retirement, and, if weather and season admit of it, to spend an hour by moonlight, devoted to reflection and contemplation, for which purpose it is very favourable.

> The conscious moon, thro' ev'ry distant age,
> Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall
> On contemplation's eye her purging ray.

After walking about some time I returned to my lodgings, and on enquiring about supper, was persuaded to join the company in the great room. There were about sixty persons present, and a band of music played the whole time. Whether this is a provocative to appetite or not, I will leave others to determine who are better acquaint-

ed than I am with the effects of harmony. There was a very motley group of characters at table, a few of whom, by their behaviour, distinguished themselves as personages of rank. One hundred years ago it would have been deemed ridiculous and inconsistent to see a clergyman launch into the fopperies and fashionable amusements of the day; but we are now grown more refined in our way of thinking, have shaken off those old-fashioned prejudices, and can unconcernedly see them mingle with the crowd, totally regardless of their sacred function. There were some of these at Matlock Baths, who joined the rest of the company in dancing, which in all such places is customary after supper, and continues till the parties are sufficiently wearied. Those who do not choose to join them, may sit round the room and look on. Curiosity induced me to stay half an hour, but observing that I was occasionally gazed at, as if I were some outlandish being, and besides, not feeling myself in a proper element, I withdrew, leaving the bustle of life for silent repose in my bedchamber, where

> Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
> Soon spread his downy pinions over me,
> And lulled me to rest.

I have often pitied poor Dr. Young, who has given us such a fine description of sleep, and its effects on wearied nature, not from the enjoyment, but the want of it:

> From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
> He woke.

Mine was different, it was long and undisturbed; and I hope it will ever continue to be so, when fatigued with travelling. At home a less portion may suffice, which nature herself will always determine if attended to. John Wesley, who, amongst many pretensions, makes some to a profound knowledge in physic, may prescribe as he pleases, and inform those who are silly and credulous enough to believe him, exactly how many hours sleep are necessary for a man, how many for a woman, and how many for a hog. He may, instead of giving his outward man a good threshing (which it richly deserves), mortify his bones by lying on the bare floor, with an old door thrown over him instead of blankets, which, I have been told, he has done in former years. Lewis Cornaro, the celebrated Venetian, who wrote a curious treatise on health and long life, may prescribe as he pleases, and tell to an exactness how many ounces of meat and drink, with the nicest proportion of each, are requisite in twenty-four hours: and some other crack-brained fellow (I forget his name) may use and recommend his chair, in which he used continually to weigh himself, and having once fixed what he thought a proper standard, ever after ate, drank, and slept by the ounce, till at last he weighed himself into another world. Whoever has not accustomed himself to unreasonable indulgences in these things, will, by simply attending to the demands of nature, be better informed about the due proportions, and secure his health much better, than by attempting to follow such ridiculous prescriptions.

Pray excuse the frequent digressions which I am continually betrayed into, and be assured that I remain Your's, &c.

* * * *

Plate 22.—FORT GEORGE, UPPER CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

During a sojourn of some years in the Canadas, I was enabled, on a former occasion, to send you some accurate statements respecting those important colonies. I am now inclined to extend my observations on the subject, not only because those which sometimes appear in the journals are very erroneous, but because the country is, at this moment, peculiarly interesting, from its having unhappily become the seat of war, between two nations which nature and reason should have united in the closest ties of political amity.

The cause of erecting Upper Canada into a distinct province, with a government of its own, was in consequence of a new line of demarcation made and agreed upon, in 1791, by British and American commissioners assembled for that purpose. The document sets forth, "That a line commencing at 45° of north latitude, and 73½° west longitude from London, should run along the middle of the river Kadarakwee (the western stream of the St. Lawrence), into Lake Ontario; through its middle likewise, until it strikes the communication by water between that lake and Lake Erie; through the middle of that lake until it arrives at the water communication between it and Lake Huron; thence through the middle of Lake Huron to the water communication between it and Lake Superior; thence through Lake Superior, northward, to the Lake of the Woods; thence through that lake to the most north-western point thereof; and from thence by a due west line to the river Mississippi." And here it is proper to observe, that "a due west line" could never touch the Mississippi, whose sources and forks take their origin south-eastward of that point.

By this line of demarcation, Lake Michican and its shores were left entirely within the limits of the United States; and thus immense territories of exuberant fertility were given away by a stroke of the pen; and it is remarkable enough, that while we were throwing away the materials of future kingdoms by way of peace-offerings, we were forcing Spain into a war about the right of occupancy of a savage spot in the very remotest corner of the habitable globe (Nootka Sound), which has since been deemed not worth the keeping by any one. If the people of the United States had the right of possession of those vast countries, there might be an appearance of justice in their retaining them; but the fact is, the settlements and towns were all made by the English, or by the French, who were become subjects of England. The lands themselves belonged to the remains of the Six Nations, the old and faithful allies of the English.

This arrangement caused the greatest confusion and distress in the settlements; for the American government would not suffer the settlers to remain on their own lands, unless they renounced their allegiance to their own king, and swore fealty and obedience to the new republic. But rather than sub-

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mit to this decree, by far the greater part abandoned their comfortable farms and flourishing plantations, and passed across the Lakes to begin new ones in the wilderness. The Indian tribes also relinquished their paternal seats in the fine and fertile Genesee country, and on the beautiful banks of the Wabash river, to seek new abodes in the dreary and illimitable woods on the northern shores of the Lakes. This great sacrifice to their friendship for their allies, was the more remarkable, as the Indians could not be persuaded, that the cession of their lands to the *Long-Knives* (so they call the people of the United States), was not in consequence of abject submission to the will of the conquerors. But though we were much lowered in their estimation, and though they believe, with the Greeks, Romans, and Jews, that success is a mark of the favour and approbation of Heaven, and misfortune and defeat proofs of the anger of the Deity, yet, with a magnanimity truly heroic, like Cato*, they espoused the cause of the conquered.

Had we kept possession of the southern shores of the Lakes, the Americans never could have had flotillas on them, nor would they have ever gone to war with us. As it turned out, it caused the northern shores to be settled, and towns and military stations were very soon established opposite those which we were induced to vacate. Michillimakinac gave rise to St. Joseph's; Detroit to Sandwich and Amherstburgh; and the loss of Niagara caused the building of New Niagara (or Newark) and Fort George.

* Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
LUCAN.

Fort George, the prize contended for at present (of which there is an accurate view annexed), is erected on the west bank of the river or strait of Niagara, about a mile and a half from its *embouchure* into Lake Ontario, in 43. 16. north latitude, and 78. 25. west longitude from London. The fort is a stockaded parallelogram, with solid bastions at the angles, mounted with heavy ordnance. The *esplanade* is spacious, surrounded with block-houses, officers' lodgings, guard-house, hospital, stores, and magazines bomb-proof. It can accommodate about one thousand men. Its position is commanding, crowning the summit of a steep cliff, which rises about 200 feet from the surface of the river, which is not here a mile broad. At the foot of the bank there are buildings appropriated to the navy, called Navy Hall; and the harbour is the best on Lake Ontario. The late most justly lamented Major-General Brock, who, among his many other qualifications, was a capital judge of military architecture, greatly improved the fortifications. He lies buried in the gorge of a bastion constructed by his orders, and which bears his name; and a twenty-four pounder, mounted *en barbette*, traverses over the earthly remains of that excellent soldier and most worthy man. Fort George, however, might have been better situated; for it neither commands the entrance of the straits, and is itself commanded by higher grounds, nor protects the town of Newark, which could be plundered and burnt by an armed cutter, in defiance of the fort. It must be confessed, that the French chuse the sites of their colonial towns with superior judg-

ment and taste. They generally succeed in uniting strength and salubrity with commercial accommodation; nor are the minor points of beauty or grandeur overlooked: in proof, it is only necessary to name Quebec, Montreal, Fort Frontenac (Kingston), Old Niagara, and Detroit.

Fort Erie and Amherstburgh are built on the same plan, but are smaller than Fort George. The former, however, is quite new, and constructed all of solid masonry. It is probable, that it is yet unfinished, otherwise it is much more capable of stout defence than the others. All these stations were planned or constructed by the late General Simcoe, who fixed upon York (olim Toronto) for the capital of Upper Canada.

This worthy general had ideas far more extensive than his means of realizing them. His plans were for the next century: for he established a frontier of upwards of twelve hundred miles; to defend which would require an army greater than the then existing population.

The true plan of defence of Upper Canada, is sufficiently obvious, viz. to establish a maritime superiority on the Lakes, and on land, three or four strong *points d'appui*, not far distant from one another.

Ever since the well planned, though unfortunate expedition of General Montgomery, the United States have never lost sight of gaining possession of the Canadas. They judge, that the *arrondissement* of their empire cannot be perfect, until it shall be bounded on the N. by Hudson's Bay, and on the S. by the Gulf of Mexico: and it must be confessed, that the possession of the noble river St. Lawrence, with its chain of five inland seas, would be an acquisition to them of the very first magnitude; for, without it, the productions of their most fertile and extensive provinces can never reach a market by water. If that river had run through their territories on establishing their independence, it would have been on the St. Lawrence, and not on the Potowmac, that the metropolis of the union would have been founded.

Places distant in a direct line from Fort George:—Falls of Niagara, 12 miles S.; Fort Erie, 30 miles S.; York, 36 miles (by water) N. by E.—by land 70 miles; Kingston, 160 E. (by water)—by land 220; Detroit (by water), 220, W. by S.; Sacket's Harbour, 140, E. by S.; Burlington Bay (by land), 36, N.

E. W.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

CURIOUS PICTURE.

NOT far from the Grotto del Cani, near Naples, says an ancient traveller, stands the church of St. Maria del Ponto, founded by Sannazarius, the poet, whose example is not followed by any of the poets of the present day. In this church there is said to be a remarkable picture, representing St. Michael vanquishing the devil. This devil has no horns, and instead of look-

ing so ugly as he is usually made to do, he appears with the head and bosom of a beautiful woman. In this manner Diomed Caraffa, Bishop of Ariano, in 1550, commanded Satan to be painted for the following reason:—A lady of quality and of great beauty, conceived a violent love for him. To cure her of this passion, he caused a painting to be executed of her head and bosom attached to the body and lower extremities of the devil; and one day, when she renewed her seductive blandishments, he pretended to consent to accompany her home; but as the way led past this church, he requested her to step in for a moment to look at an admirable picture which had just been put up. She immediately recognized herself, and the compliment naturally produced a very disagreeable impression. Overcome with shame, she ran away, as the traveller assures us. But the bishop, who was left behind—was not he ashamed of himself too, think you?

PAPAL EDICT AGAINST MUSIC-MASTERS.

It is well known, that upwards of a century ago, his Holiness the Pope issued a severe edict against the exposure of the female bosom and arms, an ordinance the reason of which is obvious. But how shall we account for another prohibition of the Holy Father, which followed this?—On the 6th May, 1686, an edict was posted in all the public places in Rome, forbidding all females, without exception, whether maids, wives, or widows, on the severest penalties, to receive instructions from any master whatever, not even from their nearest relations, either upon any musical instrument or in singing. Even the nuns, who were obliged to sing *ex officio*, were to be taught only by other nuns. What are we to infer from this prohibition?—Was the Pope an inveterate enemy to music? or had he found, that lovers, as in the Barber of Seville, contrive to insinuate themselves into every family as music-masters? probably the latter. But what are we to think of the state of morals at Rome at that period, since not even nuns and married women were exempted from the operation of this law?

MAGNITUDE OF ANCIENT ROME.

Chevreau, in order to prove the great extent of the city of Rome, relates, in his *Universal History*, that Heliogabalus caused his slaves to collect all the spiders' webs which could be found in it, and that they weighed ten thousand pounds. We should almost suppose, that all the houses in Rome were uninhabited.

GENIUS OF HOMER.

Blackwell, in his *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*, starts this question, "How happens it, that, in the 2700 years which have elapsed since Homer's time, no writer equal to that poet has appeared? and that he was not surpassed, as far as we know, by any of his predecessors? This kind of wonder he ascribes to the concurrence of various circumstances, to which, in his opinion, we are indebted for Homer's immortal productions:—to the climate, the age in which he lived, the manners and customs of those times, the religion, the education of the poet, his peregrinations, and his *genius*. Might not Blackwell, in naming this last,

have spared the recapitulation of all the other circumstances? Yet he seems to have omitted one which appears of some importance. Homer, in his *Odyssey* (lib. ix. v. 196, *et seq.*), speaks of a celebrated Thracian wine, which was so strong, that twenty times the quantity of water might be mixed with it—

——— to quench whose fervent stream,
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup suffic'd.

Pliny tells us, that a Roman consul made the experiment on the spot, but found that it required eighty times as much water. Thus it appears, that other people poured four times as much water into their wine as Homer. Is there any wonder that he was four times as much inspired?

PIRON.

The inhabitants of Beaune, in Burgundy, were formerly called, for what reason we are not informed, the *Asses of Beaune.* Piron, who had some pique against them, one day went a-walking in the neighbourhood, and amused himself with striking off the heads of all the thistles.—"What are you doing?" said an acquaintance, who met him while thus engaged.—"I am at war with the inhabitants of Beaune," replied he, "and am cutting off the enemy's provisions."

INVENTOR OF GUNPOWDER.

In an old book on fire-works and warlike instruments, by one Boillot, printed in 1598, among other copper-plates, there is one which deserves particular notice. It represents Berthold Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder, employed in making that composition. What proportion of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre he is to use for the purpose, is whispered in his ear by a figure which stands behind him, and is intended for the devil.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Sherlock relates, in his letters, that he visited the church of St. Peter at Rome, in the company of a Pole, a Frenchman, and an Englishman. The latter looked about every where for beauties, the Frenchman for defects, and the Pole for nothing at all. The Frenchman paused before the statue of Mercy, by Bernini, and pronounced it execrable. The Englishman turned to the statue of Justice, by della Porta, and thought it exquisite. The Pole fixed his eyes on the door at which he entered, and declared that the church was longer than he had imagined.

THE RULING PASSION.

A freethinker being dangerously ill, was tormented with remorse, when considering the mischief which his works had probably occasioned.—"Ah!" said he in despair to his confessor, "I shall not even cease to do harm after my death; for I shall be read by posterity."—"Don't be uneasy," replied the confessor, who was at a loss how to console him, "your books are so wretchedly written, that nobody will read them."—"Go to the d—l!" articulated the expiring author with great difficulty, "you are a blockhead."

PIRATES.

Turpin, in his *Historical Picture of the French Marine*, asserts, that the word *pirate* was not always a term of reproach; and that it was derived from Piræus, the port where the Athenians embarked to fight the enemies of their country. "The pirates," says that writer, "who

were in the service of kings and republics, ranked with other warriors. In their number were comprehended not merely the scourges of mankind, but likewise truly great characters. Such an one was Dionides. Alexander and Darius vied for his friendship; but he was too proud to submit to a master, and chose rather to be their enemy than their ally. At length Fortune turned her back on him; he was taken prisoner, and carried before Alexander.—'By what right,' said the latter, 'dost thou disturb the seas?' —'By the same right,' he replied, 'by which thou disturbest the land.' —'I am a king,' said Alexander, 'but thou art only a pirate.'—'Then we pursue the same profession,' rejoined Dionides, 'I with a single ship, thou with a numerous army. Were the gods to transform Dionides into Alexander, and Alexander into Dionides, there would be one good king more on land, and one expert pirate fewer upon the water.'"

HUMAN ACTIONS.

Our actions resemble what are called *bouts rimés*, of which every person makes just what he pleases. We are often applauded for the least commendable actions of our lives, while the most praiseworthy remain wholly unknown.

INDIAN HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

"The Banian hospital at Surat," says Mr. Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, "is a most remarkable institution. It consists of a large plot of ground, inclosed with high walls, divided into several courts or wards, for the accommodation of animals in sickness: they are attended with the tenderest care, and find a peaceful asylum for the infirmities of age. When an animal breaks a limb, or is otherwise disabled from serving his master, he carries him to the hospital; and, indifferent to the cast or nation to which the owner may belong, the patient is never refused admittance. If he recovers, he cannot be reclaimed, but must remain in the hospital for life, subject to the duty of drawing water for those pensioners debilitated by age or disease from procuring it for themselves. At my visit, the hospital contained horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, monkeys, poultry, pigeons, and a variety of birds, with an aged tortoise, who was known to have been there for seventy-five years. The hospital has several independent endowments without the walls of the city, for such invalids and convalescents to whom pasturage and country air may be recommended; and especially for maintaining the goats purchased for slaughter on the anniversary of the Mahommedan festival."

VERSES IN CICERO'S PROSE.

Barthius found, in the first page of Cicero's oration against Vatinius, not fewer than seventy verses; and was of opinion, that he should have discovered at least three hundred, had he examined the whole oration in that view. Vossius discovered a whole strophe in the exordium of the third book, *De Oratore;* and Quinctilian acknowledges, that it is almost impossible to write any Latin which may not be classed among some description of poetry.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON A RATTLE-SNAKE.

Chateaubriand, in his *Genie du*

Christianisme, gives the following extraordinary instance of the power of music on a snake:—In the month of July 1791, we were travelling in Upper Canada, with several families of savages belonging to the nation of the Onontagues. One day, when we had halted in a spacious plain on the bank of the river Genesee, a rattle-snake entered our encampment. Among us was a Canadian, who could play on the flute, and who, to divert us, advanced against the serpent with this new species of weapon. On the approach of his enemy, the haughty reptile curls himself into a spiral line, flattens his head, inflates his cheeks, contracts his lips, displays his envenomed fangs and his blood-red throat; his double tongue glows like two flames of fire; his eyes are burning coals; his body, swollen with rage, rises and falls like the bellows of a forge; his dilated skin assumes a dull and scaly appearance; and his tail, whence proceeds the death-denouncing sound, vibrates with such rapidity, as to to resemble a light vapour. The Canadian now begins to play upon his flute; the serpent starts with surprise, and draws back his head. In proportion as he is struck with the magic effect, his eyes lose their fierceness, the oscillations of his tail become slower, and the sound which it emits grows weaker, and gradually dies away. Less perpendicular upon their spiral line, the rings of the charmed serpent are by degrees expanded, and sink one after another upon the ground, in concentric circles. The shades of azure, green, white, and gold, recover their brilliancy on his quivering skin, and slightly turning his head, he remains motionless in the attitude of attention and pleasure. At this moment the Canadian advances a few steps, producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile, inclining his variegated neck, opens a passage with his head through the high grass, and begins to creep after the musician, stopping when he stops, and following him again as soon as he moves forward. In this manner he was led out of our camp, attended by a great number of spectators, both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they witnessed this wonderful effect of harmony. The assembly unanimously decreed, that the serpent which had so highly entertained them, should be permitted to escape.

PROJECTED COMMUNITY OF FEMALE HERMITS.

THE *Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier* contain, among other things, an interesting correspondence between that princess and Madame de Motteville. They had one evening a conversation on the peaceful, happy life which might be led in retirement, far distant from the court, just as though they had studied Zimmermann's celebrated volumes on Solitude. "This conversation," says the princess, "opened a wide field for moral reflection, especially as we mingled something of religion along with it; and we should not have parted

so soon had not the queen been just then going to the play. I continued walking alone on the sea-shore, and considering of the plan which genuine hermits ought to pursue. But, in the first place, they must not be persons who have fallen into disgrace at court."

In short, she went home in haste, and wrote a letter of three sheets on this subject to Madame de Motteville. That lady, so fond of writing herself, did not fail to reply; the correspondence was kept up for two years; and the princess declares, that if all the letters had been collected, they would have filled a thick volume. "She is very learned," says she of Madame de Motteville; "what she wrote to me was excellent. We introduced Italian and Spanish; we quoted the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers, and then again fragments from the poets." What a delightful olio it must have been!

The reader will perhaps be curious to know what plan two ladies of the most brilliant court in Europe, proposed to themselves for a happy life in solitude. The first condition fixed by the princess was what has been already mentioned, that such persons were not admissible as merely desired to turn their backs on the great world, because it had turned its back on them; but that a thorough conviction of its nothingness and insignificance ought to be the sole motive for embracing this new state.

Married people were to be excluded from this projected republic of recluses, and only widows and maids to be admitted as members. For the site of this colony, the princess chose the banks of the Seine or the Loire, unless others should prefer the sea-shore. She herself was not fond of water, and would rather have a distant view either of the river or the sea. Her habitation should therefore be built close to a thick wood, where the sun should scarcely be visible at noonday. Within, this habitation should be neat and convenient, but without ostentation; surrounded by gardens, producing the finest fruits. Each colonist was to be at liberty to fix her abode wherever she pleased, for there should be space enough. The imagination of the princess created vast meadows intersected by limpid streams. The recluses might pay visits to one another on horseback, in coaches, and on foot. Their chief employment was to be, to keep their houses and gardens in order. Industrious members of this community might divert themselves with drawing, painting, or other amusements of that kind; and the idle should be obliged to talk to the others while at work. Each should be allowed her library, and musical instruments of all sorts; but all new books and verses were to be proscribed. For bodily exercise, there was to be an open place, for playing at ball, in the midst of the wood.

As an innocent pleasure, the princess also proposed sometimes to tend the sheep in the pastures, in the appropriate attire. A rural repast should then be provided in the fields; and thus she and her companions would realize the story of Astrea, with the exception of love, which was on no account to be permitted. On the other hand, they might, as shepherdesses, be

indulged in milking the cows and making cheese.

She likewise founded in her wood a convent of Carmelite nuns, because St. Theresa directed that these nuns should be hermits. The church of this convent was to be appropriated to prayer and religious exercises. Without doubt there would be found great spiritual orators among the colonists, who might attend their sermons whenever they thought proper. Lastly, she planned out a hospital, where the sick should be accommodated and poor children instructed in various kinds of work.

Madame de Motteville, in her answer, was liberal in her praises of this romantic plan, only she thought that hermitages whose inhabitants paid visits on horseback and in coaches, and tended sheep for diversion, were better calculated for princesses than shepherdesses. She proposed to have small cottages, from which not only all luxury should be banished, but where nothing but what was essentially necessary should be found. The libraries were to contain only such books from which the pastoral colony might learn the philosophy of life. She was willing to indulge them with a few servants, to tend the sheep for them in bad weather. She deemed it right to exclude love, or rather gallantry, from the establishment; but it was to be feared that this law would not be very rigidly observed, and that it would at length be found necessary to give way to "that universal error which ancient custom has sanctioned, and which is commonly called matrimony."

In her second letter, the princess expresses her astonishment at this heretical notion of Madame de Motteville. As she considers herself as the princess and legislatrix of the community, and has sworn eternal hatred to marriage, she fancies that it will be the easiest matter in the world for all her companions to follow her example. In confirmation of this opinion, she cites the village of Randan, in Auvergne, where no widow, be she ever so young, marries a second husband, because the widowed Countess of Randan did not chuse to enter a second time into the married state. Those who could not do without marriage, might rather quit the establishment, than profane it by such weaknesses to which human nature is unfortunately subject. She concludes with observing, that nothing but matrimony has given men the superiority over women, and that the latter are called the weaker sex only because they have submitted to these fetters. —"We will rescue ourselves from this slavery," says she, "there shall be at least one corner on the face of the earth where women shall be their own mistresses. Future ages shall praise us, and by such a temporal life we shall gain life everlasting." Madame de Motteville nearly coincides with the heroine. —"It is owing to the little malicious god," says she, "that the men have become such cruel enemies to the fair sex, for they use us the worst when we love them most." She nevertheless persists in her opinion, that the female hermits must be permitted to marry. Human infirmities, she observes, are incurable: the princess of this republic will have human creatures,

not angels, to govern; and where Hymen is not admitted, Cupid will be sure to creep in.

It is indeed entertaining enough to peruse such a correspondence between two females of distinction and talents. The project of course came to nothing. The shepherdesses remained at court, and the subsequent history of the princess abundantly proves, that her detestation of the tender passion was not perfectly sincere.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXI.

O that my adversary had written a book!——Job xxxi. 35.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH the excellent and celebrated person who uttered the exclamation which has suggested the following thoughts, lived in an age when literary criticism was neither studied nor practised, he seems to have entertained some notion of the hardships to which authors are subject; the painful labour of composition, the connection there is between the toil of the brain and the disappointments of the heart, or he would not have called down, in a vindictive moment, upon his enemy such a votive punishment as that of making an author of him. It appears as if he thought that the person who had awakened his irritable propensity, was not sufficiently in his power by transient errors or fugitive irregularities, whose stability could not be determined, or whose character was not sufficiently permanent, to make fruitless application to the artifices of sophistry and prevarication: he therefore expresses a wish, that his adversary had written a book, where the folly, or the error, or the criminal sentiment, might be condensed in irrevocable characters; where the *litera scripta* must stand or fall by its own intrinsic merits or demerits; and where the meaning must be too obvious to admit of excuse, of palliation, or misapprehension. The actions which compose the ordinary conduct of human life, are frequently so fugitive as to derive their colour from the particular point in which the eye may happen to see them, the momentary temper of the mind that forms an opinion of them, or the solidity of that judgment which finally decides upon them; so that what may be considered as a perfect, actuating command, without the fear of an appellant power, cannot be obtained over them.—This, however, is to be acquired over whatever is committed to writing, or appears in the consolidated form of a book. The difference between the two subjects cannot be better illustrated than by the shooting at a flying object and a stationary mark or target. The one must be seized in a moment; the other will admit of a regular, well poised aim, and all the power resulting from a cool, determined consideration.

Here then is the decided advantage which a man has over an enemy who has written a book. In this case, he can carry his errors,

his follies, and his fallacies—and what volume is there which does not contain more or less of them?—in his pocket, can make them companions in a post-chaise, can lay them on the bank of a river, if he should be angling, and enliven the dull moment when fish will not bite, with the examination of them. He may remove them from his desk to his pillow, and even take them to church with him, as subjects to animate, or at least to vary, his devotions by praying for the authors of them; and thus enjoy the pious triumph of heaping coals of fire upon their heads. It would, indeed, be endless, were I to enumerate all the advantages which a person who has never published his thoughts to the world, has, in the point of hostile contention, over him who is inspired by the love of literary fame, and in whose mind the *cacoethes scribendi* is a predominating principle.

Besides, the actual means of gratifying resentment are infinitely more numerous, as well as of far easier execution, when the object of it is an author. His works may not only be the subject of severe and hostile criticism; he may not merely be lashed in public and in private through the pages of his works, sometimes treated with scorn, at other times with ridicule, and always with rigour; but the books themselves may be rendered subservient to the most degrading purposes. They may be maliciously transferred to the shop of the chandler and the huckster,

——In vicum vendentem thus et odores
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.
Perhaps in the same open basket laid,
Down through the street together be convey'd,
Where pepper, odours, frankincense are sold,
And all small wares in wretched rhimes enroll'd.

One can scarce conceive a more triumphant sensation in the bosom of an angry, injured man, than when he indignantly tears a leaf out of an adversary's book and consigns it to the cook, to singe a fowl, paper the kidney fat of a loin of veal, or wrap up a *cutlet à la Maintenon*. And so much for my commentary on the votive exclamation—"O that mine adversary had written a book!"--I shall, however, beg leave, Mr. Spectator, to continue the mood of reflection in which I find myself on this subject; and the truth of my observations, for they are the result of experience, may make amends, perhaps, in your candid opinion, for their lack of originality.

Little does the world think of, and less perhaps does it care for, the trouble and pains which are often bestowed upon the most humble attempts to please, amuse, and instruct them; and how seldom does it happen, that the common class of readers take up a book with a wish even to be pleased, and give an author the humane chance of affording pleasure, by meeting him, as it were, half way, with an inclination to be satisfied! Nay, on the contrary, is not a very different disposition the too general accompaniment of opening a volume, unless some splendid, established name appears in the title-page, whose reputation renders it hazardous to let loose expressions of contumelious indifference, or candid displeasure?

It may be perceived, by a person of your sagacity, that I have experienced the mortifications of an author. This I am ready to acknowledge; and I shall add further, that though I am as yet a mere

tyro in literary composition, I possess one particle, or rather evidence, of genius, and have all the irritability, when my works are treated with neglect, which is generally supposed to be a quality inherent in the nature of a poet—*genus irritabile vatum*. Not that I hold myself to be exempt from the remarks of candid criticism, or the analysing powers of those who have proved, by the superiority of their own writings, that they are qualified to be judges of those of others. But to labour under the lash of those who can do little more than read the book they presume to criticise, is, I must own, no small mortification; but when, from a certain kind of common-place language which they have learned by rote, and an assuming tone, which they occasionally adopt, people are found to listen to them, it is discouragement in the extreme. This kind of lay critic, having never been an author himself, is a stranger to the painful sensibilities which he so wantonly excites. He does not know,

————that nought's so thin,
So full of feeling, as an author's skin.

The humane ideas which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Hamlet respecting the histrionic tribe, should ever be repeated on taking up a work of imagination:—"He that plays the king shall be welcome—the lover shall not sigh gratis—the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled—and the lady shall say her mind freely."

It appears to me, that the moment a man presents his thoughts to the world, that world takes up arms against him. Nay, how often does it happen, that his very friends hesitate in taking his part! While thus situated, he knows not where to look for the slightest meed of praise.

It is not, I hope, in our nature, it cannot surely be so malignant as to feel a repugnance at bestowing commendation. In a general view of mankind, I will not indulge the thought: but among the professors of literature—yes, of literature, I say, which ought to soften and meliorate our natures, a spirit of reviling, at least an indulgence of envy, is seen to prevail in a way that is painful to reflection and disgusting to observation. I shall produce a few examples, which bear me out in the opinion that my subject has called from me; though it is often, and more unpardonably done when it appears under the guise of compliment.

Swift, in one of his letters to Stella, observes, that Steele, who was among his most intimate friends, had begun a periodical paper, called *The Guardian*, but that it would not do.—Now the fact turned out quite to the contrary; for it actually did do, and very well too.

The elegant, the mild, and the polished Hurd, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, writes thus to Richardson:—"Your *Grandison* will live when *Tom Jones* has long been forgotten." Now it is precisely the reverse: for *Tom Jones* is alive and merry, and likely to live for ever; while *Sir Charles Grandison* is seldom awakened from his slumber on the shelves of the booksellers' shops.

Porson used to consider Gilbert Wakefield with unreserved censure: and Miss Seward, in a letter to Mr. Repton, the celebrated landscape-gardener, after representing

Mr. Hayley as a poet superior to Milton, addresses Mr. R—— as follows:—"I have received your little book of essays, called *Variety;* how greatly superior are they to the much talked of *Spectators!!!*"

The de'el is in him sure, if this wont do!

Cowper, who describes a critic as a man who looks for a fault, that he may put it on a pin's point, to view it through a microscope, complains of the heavy writing of Gibbon.

Other examples of a similar nature might be produced; but I shall not intrude further upon you, as, I presume, there need not be any thing added to support the principle I have endeavoured to establish, that a person can never put himself so completely in the power of an adversary, as *by writing a book.*

I am, Mr. Spectator,
Your obliged, humble servant,
A Dabbler in Literature.

Though I do not agree with my correspondent in his opinion respecting the state and condition of authors, I thought it right to give it all the advantage of a candid publication: for it surely will appear to his more matured reflection, that a writer does not yield himself to the power of his adversary, if the book he composes be a good one; for, in such a case, honour, reputation, and, if he chuses it, pecuniary advantage, will necessarily result from his labours. Dr. Johnson has observed, in the preface to his Dictionary, that the chief glory of every people arises from its authors. If so, the general assertion respecting authorship, which has occupied the foregoing lucubration, will not admit of support: unless it could be proved, that there has been an error in the translation; and that the correct rendering of the passage should be—"O that mine adversary had written a *bad* book!"—Then, indeed, an advantage would be acquired, on which resentment might luxuriate: but should the book prove a work of merit, enmity will find all attempts to triumph fruitless, and that the mortification which it prepares for another will recoil upon itself. The volume that contains real wisdom, scientific information, religious and moral instruction, and rational amusement; whether it assume the form of solemn reasoning, of grave controversy, of familiar pleasantry, or lively imagination, may set all its enemies at defiance; may be presented to the world without any apprehensions from supercilious criticism, envious perversion, or ignorant misapprehension; the good sense and genuine understanding of mankind will support it as it deserves, and it will add, in the expression of Dr. Johnson, to the glory of the people in whose language it is written.

To bring the matter, however, to a conclusion, and to settle the point, I shall beg leave to inform the Dabbler in Literature, that he has altogether mistaken the interpretation of the passage which has called for his observations.

I have not space sufficient to remark on the state of literature, and the condition of authors, in the time of Job; but I shall venture to assert, that the word *book*, in the exclamation which has been so often repeated, has nothing to do with either the one or the other:

it means nothing more than a *written charge*, an accusation committed to writing. Job had been accused of various acts of misconduct; while he, conscious of his innocence, but knowing how difficult it was to answer vague insinuations and mere verbal charges, exclaims, "O that my adversary had written a book!" That is, O that my accusers had committed their accusations to writing, that they might be reduced to a certainty; that issue might be joined upon it, that the means of my defence may be clearly in my possession; and that the allegations being perspicuously written, they may be openly falsified, and my innocence established. I hope, therefore, that, in future, Job will not be quoted as an enemy to literature, of which his own history is one of the most sublime examples that the genius of man has ever produced.

THE LATE MR. JAMES WYATT.

The grateful task of offering a testimony of approbation to departed genius, and perhaps of transmitting to posterity lessons for similar exertions, renders less painful the melancholy act of recording the loss of our friends: and it is also an imperious duty; for these voluntary and disinterested applauses may be considered as the valuable subscriptions that are made for the encouragement of talent and of virtue.

The biography of this gentleman forms no part of these observations; the calamity which has deprived the world of art of his important aid, is too recent, and the event itself too dreadful, to allow of that calm recurrence for accuracy which the interest excited by a course of such exalted talent demands.

Mr. Wyatt's claim to supereminence as an architect, is, perhaps, undisputed: his genius was energetic and versatile, powerful and refined. Much study of the works of the Greeks, and an intimate acquaintance with the principles upon which the Romans and the Italians executed their noblest works of art, had stored his mind with inexhaustible resources, and had given to his judgment such a faculty for distinguishing between the true and false of taste, that, amidst the love of novelty, the thirst for innovation, and the patronage they have afforded, his mind was not for a moment diverted from his object, that of laying the foundation of a school of architecture equally classic, pure, and dignified. Every work of this great artist marks his repugnance to the fleeting absurdities that are ever the vices of youthful art. The peculiar characteristic of Mr. Wyatt's style, was elegant simplicity; the gracefulness of the proportions gave more than common interest to his simplest buildings; and he rendered his works of a splendid character, great, by the outline and suitableness of the parts; he made them chaste in their richness, dignified by a poetic combination, and of the highest value, because they were the operations of the sublimest intellect.

Nor was the Gothic style less indebted to Mr. Wyatt's powers; for he rescued it from the neglect into which it had fallen, and from the opprobrium it experienced from those who did not understand its beauties. Both by feeling and by habit he sought the principles upon which these works were executed; he immediately discovered them, and fathomed the depths of Gothic science: he then designed, with extraordinary facility and brilliant success, works in this style of art, that yield nothing of excellence to the claims of its most flourishing times.

Not unconscious of these powers, which commanded patronage, Mr. Wyatt disdained to use the petty intrigues which will sometimes place the meanest abilities in the greatest employments: he attained, however, the highest, that of surveyor-general; for the office was bestowed upon him by the revered patron and protector of British arts, who has always distinguished and supported real merit, however obscured by the prejudices of fashion, or assailed by the virulence of party. Except by the learned of the public bodies, Mr. Wyatt was not greatly encouraged by public patronage; and it is to this fact that we owe the regret, that few public edifices in London are from the designs of this extraordinary artist: indeed, he rather endured than cultivated the advantages of patronage; and, although his distinguished abilities and taste ensured to him the most exalted rank in his art, they did not therefore benefit the country by obtaining the means for a full display of his great powers: for it is in the public buildings alone, that the extent of the architect's talent is shewn. Yet, with the patronage he had, which was very great, and which reflects honour on the individuals and public bodies who so munificently engaged his talents, he has left memorials that will establish the English school of architecture upon a firm and solid basis, and serve as models to after times, when his name will be quoted with more than veneration.

As a man, Mr. Wyatt was generous, liberal, kind, and unassuming. Regardless of riches, and confident in superior talent, he was as unsuspicious as fearless of dishonourable competition. Cherishing the affection of his friends, and respected by all,

"For e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side,"

he has died universally regretted.

Φ.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Madame de Stael's work on the *Manners, Society, Literature, and Philosophy of the Germans,* which has been suppressed on the Continent, will appear in the course of the month, in three octavo volumes.

Select Remains of the late Rev. James Bowden, of Tooting, are printing in an octavo volume.

Sir Egerton Brydges has in the press, in two octavo volumes, *The Ruminator*, a series of Essays, moral, sentimental, and critical.

Colonel Montague has nearly

ready for publication, a Supplement to his *Ornithological Dictionary*, which will contain much new and interesting matter on the natural history of birds.

Dr. Watts's *Treatise on the History, Nature, and Treatment of Chincough;* including a variety of cases and dissections: to which is subjoined, An Inquiry into the relative Mortality of the principal Diseases of Children, and the numbers who have died under ten years of age, in Glasgow, during the last thirty years, will be published early in October.

Mr. Hopkirk, Fellow of the Linnean Society, and Member of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, will speedily publish *Flora Glottiana;* a catalogue of the indigenous plants on the banks of the river Clyde, and in the neighbourhood of the city of Glasgow.

Captain Laskey's *General Account of the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow;* including historical and scientific notices of the various objects of art, literature, natural history, anatomical preparations, antiquities, &c. in that celebrated collection, will appear in a few days.

Sermons, on various subjects, by the late Rev. John Venn, of Clapham, are preparing for publication, in two octavo volumes.

M. de la Metherie observes, that "during the whole of the cold season, many animals are torpid; and their sleep is so profound for several months, that no infliction of pain, not even severe wounds, can withdraw them from this state of stupefaction." This is not to be taken too strictly; as Professor Mangali found, that an increased degree of cold produced a sense of pain in monkies, which awakened them so far as to induce them to change their position, &c. The same befel a poor bat, which, by intense cold, was driven from its hiding-place, where it had taken refuge for some months; but was found at a distance, frozen to death. Warmth alone, however, is the general and only restorative of torpid beings: at the return of spring, they resume their vitality with the increasing warmth. A great number of insects, such as ants, are likewise rendered torpid by cold; and all these possess the most lively powers during summer. It is the same with plants endued with great liveliness; or, to use another word, great irritability, when the temperature of the atmosphere around them is high; but when the temperature is chilly and cold, they shew no such tokens of power.—M. Dessaignes finds the causes of these variations in the application of galvanism. He thinks this science affords an easy explanation of the phenomenon. He has proved, by very ingenious experiments, that animals prepared for galvanic experiments, exhibit powerful signs of galvanism when they are exposed to degrees of heat more or less considerable: although this very faculty ceases when the state of warmth or heat is exchanged for a state of coolness or chill; and that on restoring the warmth, this power is also restored with it. It was not till the present day that it was demonstrated, that the galvanism which the various parts of the body exercise on each other, is the cause of their irritability, their sen-

sibility, and, in short, of their principle of vitality. Now, according to the experiments of M. Dessaignes, this galvanic faculty, which, at high degrees of temperature, is exceedingly intense, is extinguished, in a greater or less measure, by lower degrees of cold. It seems to be an inference, supposable or allowable, therefore, that the galvanic power produces torpidity during the cold season.

M. Palisot de Beauvois has remarked, that, besides the plants already generally known to be sleepers, there are various others which exhibit the same phenomenon. Such are the whole of the numerous family of confervæ, which he calls *trichomates*, the water-lentils, the charas, and almost all aquatic plants, as the potamogetons, many kinds of ranunculuses, the ananas aquatica, the valisneria, &c. &c. At the time when the sap, being checked, or, as it were, become dull and stagnant (like the blood in animals previous to a state of torpidity), occasions the falling of the leaf, these plants sink more or less into the water, in proportion as the cold is augmented. They carry this so far as to disappear completely, and retire to the very bottom and mud of the water which they inhabit; on this they repose, secure from injury by the ice, which, in severe frosts, covers the surface of the pool. In the same manner, at the approach of spring, when the larger buds of the trees begin to open and drop their envelopes; when the young leaves, still closely folded together and rolled over one another, begin to extend themselves and to open: at that season the aquatics gradually rise, in proportion to the warmth of the atmosphere, until they wholly cover the surface of the water. It deserves notice, that these two seasons for stupefaction and slumber, and for restoration and wakening, are the same for all beings; and that this phenomenon constantly attends the approach of the equinox, or follows after it, according to the state of the atmosphere.

MM. Lestiboudois, father and son, struck with the disappearance of the ananas aquatica during winter, and its return with the milder season, directed their researches to the discovery of the cause of this phenomenon. At length they ascertained, that the mass or bundle of leaves that composes the whole plant, is attached to roots, fixed in the soil at bottom by one or more filaments, differing in length according to the depths of the water, and allowing the plant to rise to the surface, and throw out its flowering branches in such a manner that they appear on the top of the water. They observed further, that, in proportion as the cold became strong enough to make itself felt, the plant sunk in the water by means of the contraction of these filaments, which shrunk into themselves, and gained in thickness what they lost in length; something in the manner of an earth-worm, which stretches itself out, and then contracts itself, drawing its rings closer together according to the motion it proposes to accomplish. Nevertheless, M. Palisot de Beauvois has closely examined these filaments of the stantiotes, and has found neither rings nor articulations: it follows, therefore, that this phenomenon is performed by a

contraction, or drawing closer together of the parts or divisions of the cellular and tubular envelopements. This is probable; but what is certain, is, the fact of the appearance and disappearance of this plant on the surface of the water, in proportion to the warmth or coolness of the season.

The following statement is taken from an Irish paper: — "Three months ago, the remains of the Rev. Thomas Nugent, P. P. of Knockany, were deposited in the burial-ground of Hospital, county of Limerick: for the last fifteen days his grave has been visited by numberless crowds of people, some of whom have travelled many miles, for the purpose of procuring some of the earth that covered his remains, which, they conceive, by being mixed with water of a well adjacent to the church-yard, and drunk by any person afflicted with whatever disease is incident to the human frame, causes a certain and permanent cure. Several hundred weight of earth has been already removed, and thereby the coffin frequently exposed; we say frequently, because, since the commencement of this unaccountable practice, it has been repeatedly covered with fresh earth by the relatives of the deceased, which has always been removed, before the expiration of many hours, by an unthinking multitude, amongst whom have been observed persons who might be supposed, from their appearance, not likely to be so duped. The crowds are daily increasing in the church-yard."

There are 120,000 sheep in the Shetland Islands; their finest wool produces stockings worth two guineas per pair, and the coarsest worth only four-pence.

Lately, in blowing up a rock of white free-stone at Ardrossan, in Scotland, a part of a tree was found completely petrified into the nature of the rock. From the violence of the blast, a large portion of this natural curiosity was reduced to atoms. One piece was entire, sixteen inches in length and nine in girth: the colour of the bark, and the appearance of branches from the parent stem, were very visible. Few places are more worthy of the attention of adepts in natural history, than the rocks around Ardrossan, composed of an endless variety of strata of metals, several of which bear evident marks of volcanic production.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Lanza's Elements of Singing, Vol. I. Nos. V. and VI.

In the fifth number Mr. L. continues his examples illustrative of the various modifications of *shakes* by semi-tones or tones, ascending and descending through the major and minor scales; and the important chapter of winding up the *shake* into the different figurative conclusions it is susceptible of, is treated with great amplitude. A variety of rules, partly new and partly recapitulatory, are then presented to the pupil, among which we observe some very essential ones relative to position and personal deportment. Here a caution against dull and sulky countenances, and a little advice to adapt the looks to the subject, would not have been superfluous. After some further exercises upon scales and intervals, the author commences a set of sol-

feggios through every major and minor key, and these we find continued throughout the whole of the sixth number. They are progressive, their time is judiciously determined by pendular vibration, and the accompaniment which supports the voice, is appropriate and select. Thus far, therefore, our readers may feel persuaded, that the promises of Mr. L.'s prospectus are in a course of being strictly and most satisfactorily made good, both as to contents, and no less so in regard to typographical elegance.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Turnbull, by William Ling. Op. 12. Pr. 4s.

Our high opinion of Mr. Ling's talents has been fully and unreservedly stated on former occasions; if peculiarity of taste leaves us unbiassed, it is not too much to affirm, that it would be vain to look for his superior among British cotemporary composers for the piano-forte. Forced to be brief, we must forego the pleasure of transcribing from the memorandum before us the numerous beauties that have rivetted our attention in the present opera. The allegro of this sonata distinguishes itself by a regular flow of tasteful ideas throughout (not unsimilar to the style of Pleyel), and frequently put in contrast with touches of more profound harmony. Of the latter description, among other passages, is the set of excellent progressions, *p.* 4, conspicuous by the bold application of extreme sixths. The succeeding page of modulations, through a diatonic descent of the bass by fifths, demands equal praise. The *finale* has a charming theme, not, however, altogether new. Here the author may be said to have made the most of his subject: *pp.* 10 and 11 are beautiful; in the latter, the entrance into three sharps by enharmonic substitution, is not lost to our eye. What recommends still more this classic composition to the student, is the ease which prevails throughout in its digital construction; a merit the more unfrequent in works proceeding from authors distinguished by their executive skill.

The celebrated Medley Overture to the grand Spectacle of the Prince of Wales, or Gelert, the faithful Dog, performed with unbounded applause at the Surry Theatre, composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte or Harp, by J. Sanderson. Op. 40. Pr. 2s.

A *pot pourri* of Welch melodies, such as, *Sir Watkin's Delight, Ap-Shenkin,* &c. strung together, and treated with judgment and skill. The introductory largo, in C minor, does the author great credit; the ideas are devised and connected with taste, and the harmony is correct and select. A very attractive harp solo is introduced, *p.* 4; and the highly original Welch tune, "Of noble race was Shenkin," is not only given in all its odd purity, but with a very excellently contrived bass-accompaniment in the two last lines. Line 4, *b.* 2, however, presents a harsh succession of chords in A b 3, F 6, *G* 3, *E* 3, 6.

As an extract from the full score, this publication can boast of great propriety in arrangement.

"*Sweet Gratitude,*" *Ballad in the Spectacle of Gelert, the faithful*

Dog, composed by J. Sanderson. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The beginning reminded us of the boat tune in the *Cabinet.*— "Sweet Gratitude" is a charming little air, which cannot fail to please the ear of good taste. The symphonies are elegant, and the active accompaniment to the second verse (of the same melody) deserves the same praise in a high degree. This song is so arranged as to interest the proficient player, at the same time that the very beginner may venture upon its execution.

Les petits Bijoux, consisting of favourite Airs, Dances, and Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. Nos. X. and XI. Pr. 2s. each.

No. X. founded upon the well-known air, "The Thorn," is from the pen of Mr. John Davy, and may, without hesitation, be pronounced the pride of the series, as far as it has extended. It contains more than one stroke of the real master. As an instance, we will direct the reader's attention to *p.* 4. The classic manner in which the author glides from his key (E b) into five flats, thence into C minor, and further on (*p.* 5), to the same key (major), it is not often our good fortune to discover in productions of the present day; the whole modulation reminds us of Mozart's style. The further progress of the fifth page is equally good; and the conclusion, with its well employed syncopations, merits all the praise we can bestow. Indeed, the whole of this composition is of a higher order, and amply shews, that its author understands and feels what he is treating.

No. XI. by Mr. J. De Michele, and founded upon *The Valencia Wake*, although certainly not benefited by a comparison with the preceding number, is not without claims to favourable notice. Mr. De M.'s style is peculiar, and borders upon the old school; his basses are plain and homely. Perhaps, too, the oddity of the subject has influenced the superstructure. In *p.* 4 the author appears to most advantage.

"*Prepare, ye Nymphs, prepare!" Trio in the Opera of Psyche, composed* by Sir J. A. Stevenson, M. D. Pr. 2s. 6d.

"*Soft, gentle Nymphs," Trio in Ditto*, by Ditto. Pr. (?)

Both these glees possess considerable tasteful ease in the melody, and the parts are well matched, so as to produce a pleasing concordance of harmony. If we were compelled to make a choice, we would prefer the latter; the ideas, upon the whole, are more select than the former, although that too cannot fail to entertain the amateur. In "Soft, gentle Nymphs," the word *gentle* is musically mis-scanned, thus, *gĕntlē!*

"*Mutual Love," a Ballad, sung by Miss Bolton in* "*Three Weeks after Marriage," written and composed* by John Parry. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Concealed octaves, *p.* 1, *l.* 1. *b.* 3; otherwise the melody possesses neatness and pleasing expression, especially in the concluding phrase, "The more I strove," &c.

"*Go, tuneful Bird," a Canzonet, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mr. Philipps, by a Pupil, the words* by the late Alexander Pope. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Exerting our indulgence to some improprieties of harmony, natural

enough in a tyro, we are favourably inclined towards the general cast of the melody; it is agreeable and tastefully embellished. The *motivo* must have been highly cherished by the inventor, for in nine lines it is repeated eight times.

Air by Louis van Beethoven, adapted by S. Ogle, *the words taken from Milton's Lycidas, and inscribed by her to J. W. Windsor.* Pr. 3s.

This is Beethoven's *Adelaïde*, a vocal jewel, for the adaptation of which to English mouths, Miss or Mrs. O. deserves the warmest thanks of amateurs. The words from *Lycidas*, although of quite different import from the German original, fall in smoothly. Of the music we shall say no more, than advise any musical pretender that should happen not to think it "pretty," to send his or her piano to the broker, and his or her musical library to the cheesemonger, with the exception perhaps of the "Meg of Wapping," and a few other equally superior and favourite productions.

Concerto da Camera for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for two Violins, Flute, Viola, and Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to Miss Jane Carnagie, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 7s. 6d.

The above is the first number of a publication of Messrs. Chappell and Co. which cannot be otherwise than acceptable to amateurs of superior proficiency; to most of whom piano-forte concertos are useless, on account of the difficulty of mustering an orchestra sufficient for an effective execution. The accompanying instruments to this concerto, are, as may be seen from the title, within the reach of any amateur a little musically connected, and consequently the performance may be got up without much trouble; except that incumbent on the piano-forte-player, whose task, in the present case, is any thing but a sinecure. The numerous solo passages require first-rate abilities, or at least diligent previous practice. Then, and only then, their beautiful variety and novelty will burst in all their force upon an audience of cultivated taste. Although we had determined not to enter into any detail, we cannot dismiss this article without expressing our high sense of the charming subject of the slow movement, and the rich and select harmonies that support it. The rondo, both as to theme and elaboration, is replete with inventive originality. As an exuberant field for executive study, too, this publication claims our strongest recommendation.

Le Bizarre, a Sonata for the Piano-Forte, interspersed with favourite Airs, composed and dedicated to Miss Gibson (of Ramsgate), by Samuel E. Webbe, jun. Pr. 4s.

The insertion of a variety of well known airs and dance-melodies, has probably been the cause of the title of this sonata, which it otherwise scarcely would have merited; for, instead of exhibiting any thing fantastical in its construction, we think the several movements display a high degree of sober neatness, well connected regularity, and skilful harmonic contrivance. As an instance, we will select *p.* 4 of the allegro, where a good bass (*l.* 2), a fine preparation to the entrance into C (*l.* 4), and some subsequent excellent modulations, de-

serve our warmest praise. The little air of the andante, likewise, is extremely well treated, especially in the second part. In the rondo, where dance-themes are ushered in with no sparing hand, we find frequent traces of Mr. S.'s talents: a very clever page is that of *p.* 7; and the modulations, *p.* 10, are such as might be looked for from an author of Mr. S.'s science.

No. I. *Petite Recréation, containing a Hymn and Allemande for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Hon. Miss Mercer Elphinstone,* by L. Von Esch. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The entertainment we derived from this performance warrants, as far as our opinion goes, its title. An appropriate introduction leads to the hymn, in which pathetic expression and good harmony are combined with every desirable success. The allegretto ($\frac{2}{4}$) possesses novelty of turn in the subject, which approaches the character of a polacca. Its minor, *p.* 5, we deem highly original and clever; the short intervening lento (*p.* 6) acts as an interesting relief betwixt the more lightsome moods; and the termination partakes of the good taste which is discernible throughout the production.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mr. Latour, by J. Woelfl. Op. 62. Pr. 5s.

Mr. Latour has reason to be proud to have dedicated to him such a work by such a master; the regret for whose loss the perusal of this publication has most keenly revived. What ideas! what originality of conception and harmony! what profundity of science, discoverable at every step! It is by adepts only that the excellencies concentrated in this sonata can be rendered and relished, for the composition is altogether of the higher cast. Even the disposal of the movements possesses novelty. A presto in D minor forms the introduction, and is successively followed by an allegro in D major, an andante, with two variations in A major, a prestissimo in D major, and a fugue in D minor. The whole is completely in Mozart's best style; indeed, some passages, such as, for instance, the terminations of the first and second parts of the allegro, may very nearly be brought home to the German Orpheus, the tutor of our departed author.

La Chaumiere Hongroise, ou les illustres Fugitifs, the much admired Hungarian Ballet, composed by Mr. Didelot, and performed at the King's Theatre, Haymarket; the Music composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, with Flute Accompaniment, ad lib. by F. Venua. Pr. 10s. 6d.

The music of this ballet is of that light and neat cast which characterises the generality of Mr. V.'s dramatic compositions. In several instances he has been very successful in expressing the action of the fable appropriately: the great number of movements exhibits a respectable share of fertile invention and pleasing variety; and their brevity, together with their executive facility, cannot miss the favour of the student. Unable to animadvert upon every one, we shall content ourselves with pointing out some which preferably engaged our attention:—No 6 interests by the variety of expression

infused into the movement. The "*pas Hongroise*" (?) No. 10, has an original subject. The *pas de deux*, No. 13, is sprightly, well marked, and decorated with some effective violin passages. No. 14, a polacca, seems to us the best of the whole set; it contains a very attractive minor, some good basses (*pp.* 30 and 31), and several well devised solo passages.

A favourite Sonata for the Harp, with an Accompaniment for Flute and Violin, obligato, composed, and dedicated to John Baptiste Cramer, by John Baptiste Mayer. Pr. 5s.

In the allegro of this sonata (E b), good taste is blended with compositorial skill, and (from a professor of Mr. M.'s abilities, the declaration is almost needless,) the character of the instrument is rendered tributary to the production of brilliant effect. In the adagio we are agreeably carried through a well linked singing melody, properly assisted by the lengthened sounds of the flute or violin. The last movement has for its theme the well-known German dance, "*Ach du lieber Augustin*," upon which Mr. M. has reared eight variations, which, taken in the whole, claim our decided approbation; although, individually speaking, we must exclude from our favour var. 3 and 4, on account of the grammatical transgressions observable in the very beginning of each: successive fifths in the former; and a very uncouth harmonic progression in the latter. Inadvertencies like these are the less to be passed over, when they proceed from those that know better.

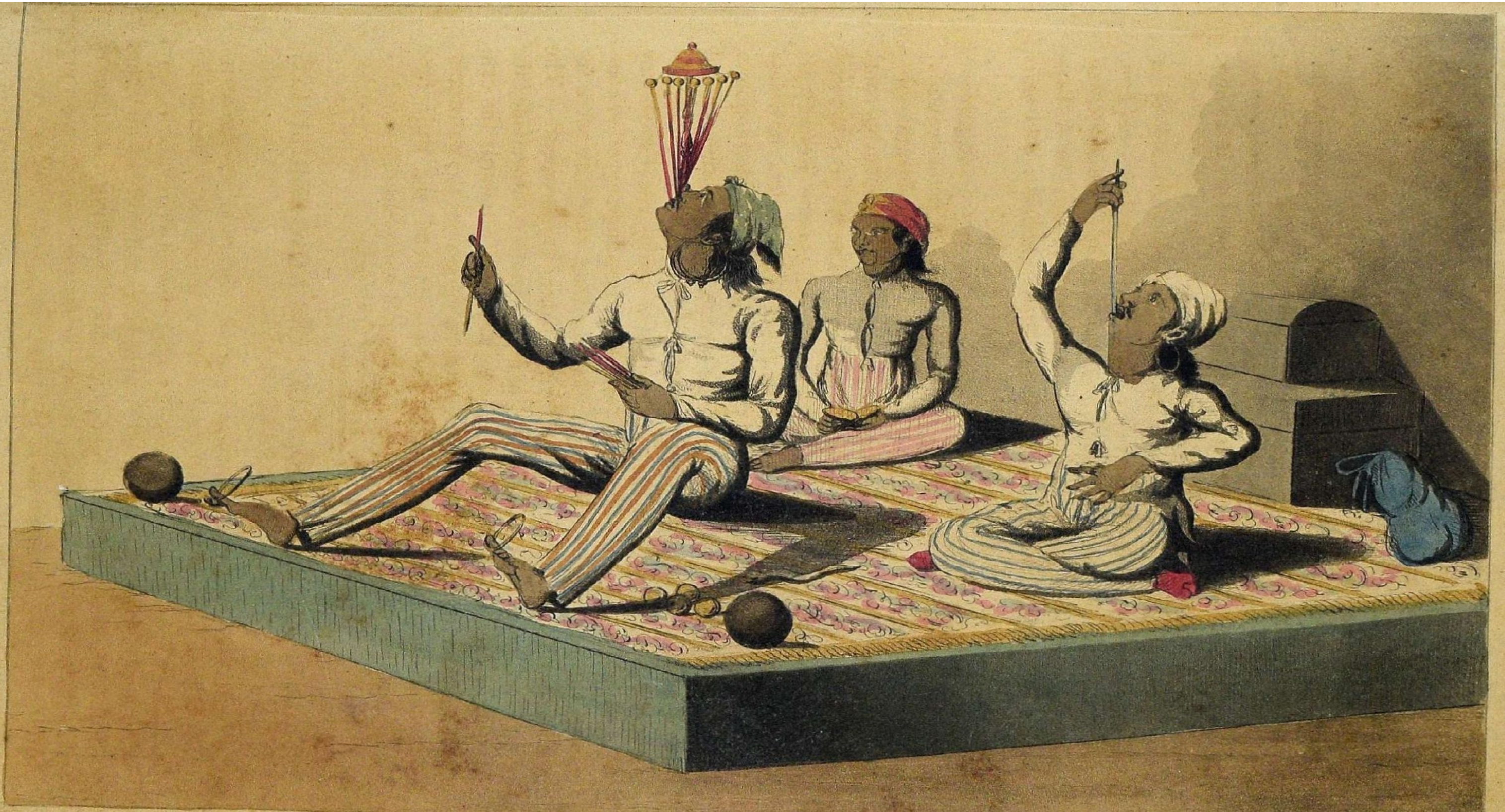
Original Music, consisting of a Psalm, a Song, a Waltz, and Trio, arranged for the Piano-Forte, and a Duo for two Flutes, by A. Taylor, *self-taught and only* 14 *years of age*. Pr. 4s.

This olio of sacred and profane strains shews, that the youthful author has made considerable progress in his calling since his composition of "The Soldier's Dream" (see No. XL. of the *Repository*); but it points out no less the necessity of much further instruction in the principles of harmony, and (until the completion of such a course of study) the expediency of not attempting any other composition than what may serve for his private improvement. The psalm (quartett) is respectable; the song, especially towards the conclusion, agreeable; the waltz common-place; and the little flute duets neat and pleasing.

Plate 24.—THE HINDOO JUGGLERS NOW EXHIBITING IN PALL-MALL.

Perhaps there is no country in the world where every species of curious novelty meets with such certain encouragement as in England: whatever be the pretensions, whether scientific, athletic, active, or droll, sure are all adventurers to prefer pitching their tent on British ground. Scarcely was the arrival of these Indian *artists* announced, when the whole fashionable world were attracted to Pall-Mall, and the talk of the town was engrossed by the feats of these Eastern jugglers.

Among the extraordinary in-



Pub.d 1 Oct.r 1813, at R. Ackermann's, 101 Strand.

THE INDIAN JUGGLERS

stances of dexterity exhibited by these men, none appears more surprising than the rapidity with which they keep four brass balls in motion, delivering them from one hand to the other, the whole being in the air at the same time, with a velocity that eludes the vigilance of the eye. The steadiness with which the balancing is performed, is curious; and the power which they exhibit in threading beads with the tongue, excites the wonder of the spectators. Indeed, it is generally allowed by those who have witnessed the feats of these interesting strangers, that our own jugglers are far inferior in all their operations, whether with cups and balls, or other tricks of legerdemain.

These men were brought to England by Captain ——, in the East India ship ———; and it appears that a partnership exists between the parties. We have heard, that ten thousand pounds have been offered by a person who felt desirous of speculating upon their talents, for their services for a certain term. It is intended, after they have made their harvest in the metropolis, to exhibit in the cities and principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland. No doubt, the officer who brought them over, has already discovered, that his ship could not have been freighted with a more productive cargo. What faith is to be placed in the report we know not, but it is said, notwithstanding the astonishment excited here by the dexterity of these men, yet, in their own country, they were not considered to be skilful performers.

Mr. Forbes, who resided several years in our Indian settlements, has, in his *Oriental Memoirs* lately published, noticed the jugglers of those countries in the following terms:—

"I was frequently amused at the public wells and halting-places," says he, "by the jugglers, who generally found out the encampments of the travelling merchants. There they spread their carpets, and performed feats of legerdemain superior to any I have seen in England: the most conspicuous was generally one of those women mentioned by Dr. Fryer, who hold nine gilded balls in play, with her hands and feet and the muscles of her arms and legs, for a long time together, without letting them fall. These people also enable me to confirm another anecdote which I could not have so scientifically described. This observing traveller says, 'I saw a man who swallowed a chain such as our jacks have, and made it clink in his stomach; but on pulling it out, it was not so pleasant to the ladies, for whose diversion it was brought. I was promised also to see a fellow cast up his tripes by his mouth, stomach, and all, shewing them to the beholders; but this we excused. In his stead was brought another, who, by suction and drawing of his breath, so contracted his lower belly, that it had nothing left to support it, but fell flat to his loins, the midriff being forced into the thorax, and the muscles of the abdomen as clearly marked out by the stiff tendons of the linea alba, as by the most accurate dissection could be made apparent; he moving each row, like living columns, by turns.' "

Plate 25.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

Of the various secondary trades and professions, few have availed themselves more of the specimens brought forward to improve our national taste, than the manufacturers of household furniture; notwithstanding it was stated a few years since, in a noted publication*, that there was not then to be found "one professional man at once possessed with sufficient intimacy with the stores of literature, to suggest ideas, and of sufficient practice in the art of drawing, to execute designs, that might be capable of ennobling, through means of their shape and their accessories, things so humble in their chief purpose and destination as *a table* and *a chair*, a *footstool* and *a screen*."—The young artist who might endeavour to remove that deficiency, was there also cautioned, not to confine his exertions to a servile copying of what has been done, nor continue in that track, which could only make him move, as heretofore, in an eternal round of undeviating sameness; but to ascend to those higher, those more copious sources of elegance, those productions of Nature herself, animate and inanimate, which contain the first elements and the first models of all the perfections of art; not omitting those monuments of antiquity in which the forms of nature are most happily adapted, and which, when united, can alone offer an inexhaustible store of ever varied and ever novel beauties.

But how, we will ask, is so great a change in household furniture to be effected? Can we expect the artizans and manufacturers to alter their present mode of education, and ascend to the study of those higher and more copious sources of elegance? or are our artists and architects to descend, in making it their business to point out and correct the designs suitable for carpets, or the manner of making up window-curtains, articles which will be ever used and adopted in these more northern climates?—When that takes place, then alone can we expect to find our furniture in unison with our mansions, and the whole in a style truly classical. But in this we beg leave to be understood, as making general observations only, justified and founded on the knowledge of many bright exceptions in both departments.

It has been justly remarked, that of all the various articles in household furniture, there is not one that has been so neglected, and carried with it that sameness through all the different changes and recent styles of fashion, as the footstool; and yet none that has been in more fashionable request, or in more general use. The Grecian footstool, an engraving of which we herewith present to our readers, was first executed from a design furnished by Mr. Gregson, whose scientific abilities we have already had occasion to notice. This article possesses advantages that are not immediately seen on the first inspection, independent of the chasteness of design: the angle of

* Hope's *Designs for Household Furniture*, p. 7.

inclination given to the surface, receives the foot in its natural and most easy position; while the smaller part of the scroll serves as a stay for the heel, and prevents the whole from being propelled forward; and in reversing the situation of the stool, by having the smaller scroll from you, it answers the purpose of a jambier, or what is commonly called a *comfort and ease.* They have been finished, for drawing-rooms, in rose-wood, with or-molu ornaments, and carved and gilt trusses and feet; also in bronze and gold, and in mat and burnished gold, covered with plain and painted velvets. The Chinese and Gothic are designs after the same plan.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

One short month has dispelled all the clouds which so recently had obscured the view of the political horizon in the North of Europe. The struggle for liberty is resumed; her banners are joined by Austria, and myriads have already nobly bled in the first efforts to crush the tyrant of the universe. The events of but one week, which we have now the pleasing task of narrating, are far too momentous and multifarious to be satisfactorily compressed within the few pages allotted to us; an imperfect outline is all we can aspire to.

Austria, sincerely desirous of the peace of the world upon honourable and secure foundations, had induced the belligerents to agree to the armistice—to prolong it to the 10th of August—and to send plenipotentiaries to the congress at Prague. Those of the allies arrived at the appointed time; that of France delayed his appearance till the 28th of July, although it had been settled, that the negociations should not be protracted beyond the 10th of August, unless they afforded a confident hope of amicable termination.—Caulincourt began his operations by insisting on a further prolongation of the armistice. This proposal was instantly rejected; and Austria, in the character of mediator, at once demanded of the different powers the bases upon which they were willing to treat. Russia and Prussia delivered their united bases. Bonaparte, declining to give any, desired to hear the terms of Austria. These, as has been credibly stated, were, the evacuation of the Prussian fortresses by the French; the removal of the French troops to the Rhine; the dissolution of the Rhenish Confederation; the abolition of the duchy of Warsaw; the integrity and independence of the Prussian monarchy; and some other corresponding demands of minor importance. These proposals were accompanied with the positive demand of an answer before the 10th of August. No reply being returned, the armistice was denounced on the 10th, and Austria declared war against France on the 11th August. Hostilities were to begin, and did begin, on the 17th August.

Before we enter upon the commencement of this great and, we hope, final struggle for independ-

ence, a brief muster of the forces on both sides is necessary. Their aggregate amount falls probably little short of ONE MILLION of *regulars*, a number unknown to history!

The Crown Prince of Sweden, commanding an army of 100,000, was stationed near Berlin: his Swedes forming the center; the Prussian corps of Generals Bulow and Tauenzien, the left wing; the Russian corps of Generals Winzingerode and Woronzoff, the right. Connected with the latter, was the Prussian corps of General Hirschfeld, stationed in observation of Magdeburg; and further, on the extreme right, stood a corps of Swedes, Prussians, Mecklenburghers, and Hanseats, under Generals Walmoden, Vegesack, and Tettenborn, opposed to Davoust on the lower Elbe, and covering the Crown Prince's flank, as well as his communication with Stralsund.

General Blucher, commanding a Russo-Prussian force of about 100,000 men, occupied the vicinity of Jauer, in Silesia. With him served Generals York, Sachen, and Langeron.

But the grand army of the allies, consisting of about 180,000 men, Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, was formed on the north-western frontier of Bohemia, in the mountains of the Ertzgebirg, and respectively commanded by the Generals Barclay de Tolly, Wittgenstein, Miloradovitch (Russian), Kleist (Prussian), and Prince Schwartzenberg (Austrian).

The fronts of all these three armies were equally directed towards one point, Dresden; a Russian army of reserve, under General Bennigsen, was approaching from the Vistula; and separate corps blockaded Glogau, Custrin, Stettin, and Dantzig.

Besides these three great armies, a further Austrian army of reserve was collecting under General Klenau, in Bohemia; another stationed on the Ems, to cover the Austro-Bavarian frontier, under Prince Reuss; and for the defence of the southern frontier of Austria, if not for offensive operations, General Hiller commanded an army on the Drave, in Styria.

The French army of Germany appears to consist of fourteen corps (probably near 400,000 men), and on the 17th August was placed as follows:—Four corps (3d, 5th, 11th, and 6th), under Generals Ney, Lauriston, Macdonald, and Marmont, were stationed in Silesia.—Three corps, under Oudinot, Arrighi, Regnier, and Bertrand, occupied the vicinity of Baruth and Luckenwalde, menacing Berlin; while another corps, under General Girard, was prepared to act in their support from Magdeburg. Davoust, commanding one French corps and the Danes, was near Hamburg. Vandamme's corps (1st), which had been detached from Davoust's force, had arrived in Dresden; and the 14th corps, under St. Cyr, was posted in its vicinity, near Pirna and the neighbouring frontiers of Saxony, left of the Elbe. The 8th corps, under Poniatowsky, and the 2d, under Victor, stationed at Zittau, in Lusatia, observed the Bohemian frontier right of the Elbe, and kept up the communication with the French Silesian army.

An army of reserve, of French

and Germans, assembled in Franconia, under Augereau, observed the western frontier of Bohemia; a Bavarian army, under Gen. Wrede, stationed at Braunau, guarded the Bavarian frontier against Austria; and an army of Italians, under Beauharnois, was assembled in Illyria, to oppose General Hiller.

In proceeding to the active operations of this immense mass of military array, we must premise, that, with the exception of those of the Crown Prince, almost all our information is as yet only derived from French accounts.

Bonaparte opened the campaign on the 19th August, by possessing himself of the mountain passes of Bohemia to Lusatia, penetrating into the former kingdom as far as Gabel and Rumburg. At the same time Blucher appears to have moved forward, and pressed on the French force on the Bober, in Silesia. As soon as Bonaparte heard that the line of the Bober had been insulted, he hastened thither with succours. On the 21st he arrived at Lowenburgh, and, to trust his own account, his arrival restored the French affairs, and even enabled him to pass the Bober, and force Blucher to retreat. While pursuing this advantage, Napoleon received the intelligence, that the grand army of the allies had forced the positions of St. Cyr, had entered Saxony on the left of the Elbe, and was rapidly marching upon Dresden. Not a moment was to be lost. Taking, therefore, back with him the whole of the imperial guard (which he marched 40 leagues in four days), he had the good fortune to reach Dresden on the 26th, at nine in the morning. Seven or eight hours later, and probably Dresden, the center and pivot of his operations, was snatched from him, and the campaign lost. At three in the afternoon, the allied army descended from the surrounding heights in six columns of attack, each preceded by 50 pieces of artillery, and assailed furiously, and on all sides, the redoubts which protected the city. The French accounts inform us, that they were repulsed at all points, with the loss of an immense number of killed and wounded, and 2000 prisoners, and that they retreated into their previous positions.

Determined to rid himself of the dangerous presence of so near a neighbour, Bonaparte, in spite of torrents of rain, sallied out of Dresden on the morning of the next day (27th), with his whole army. Perceiving that the allied line had extended itself to a great length leftward, and that its left wing, chiefly consisting of Austrians, stood thereby separated from the center by the intersection of the valley of Plauen, he tells us, that while the center was kept occupied by manœuvring, he caused Murat (who has again been called into the field from Naples) to fall upon his enemy's left, which in consequence was entirely broken and scattered, and one half of them (25 to 30,000 men) made prisoners. Bonaparte states the whole loss of the enemy at 60,000 men, 60 cannon, and 40 pair of colours; he also affirms, that General Moreau (who, with the rank of Russian major-general, acts as chief of the staff of the allied army,) was mortally wounded, having had both his legs shot off.

The center of the allies, it appears, remained firm in its position, yet their whole army is stated to have decided on retreating at two o'clock on that day. This resolution may partly be attributed to the failure of the attack on Dresden, but we think its principal cause was the movement of General Vandamme, who, with 70 battalions, is stated to have marched from behind upon the line of the communication of the allies, and to have intersected the great road of Peterswalde. The success, however, of this bold intersecting manœuvre, we have the good fortune to know pretty exactly by a subsequent bulletin of Bonaparte's, something in the mournful style of his Berezyna bulletin. General Vandamme, in his eagerness "to close the road to the enemy, and to take all," got himself into a mousetrap. When arrived at Kulm, in Bohemia, on the 29th, he found himself completely insulated from the French army in Saxony, and vigorously assailed by several Austrian and Russian divisions. While making head against these, General Kleist, arriving, *mal-à-propos*, by the *intersected* road from Peterswalde, appeared on the mountain in the rear of Vandamme. The latter now turned from his Austro-Russian opponents in front, upon the Prussians, whom "*he overthrew so completely, as to make the soldiers throw away their arms, and precipitate themselves into the ditches and woods, killing General Kleist himself!!*" After this *signal success*, however, we find, in the same bulletin, that Vandamme did any thing but rejoin his master. Bonaparte is obliged to admit that Vandamme disappeared, that all his cannon (30 pieces) and all his baggage were taken, that his loss *may* amount to 6000 men, and that two or three generals, *profiting* by the moment, got with part of the corps into Saxony. If we are at all conversant with Bonaparte's language, this confession looks like the destruction of the greatest part of one entire and very great French corps.

To trust the French accounts, which extend to a few days later, no active operations took place *in this quarter*, on either side, for at least a week subsequently to this severe blow inflicted on Bonaparte's army, almost under his eyes, at least within his hearing.

In Silesia, the sudden recall of Bonaparte, or rather the drafts made by him from his army on the Bober, to face the more imminent danger at Dresden, were instantly taken advantage of by the gallant Blucher. He marched forward with the intention of attacking Macdonald; on the 26th of August his dispositions to that effect were already made, when intelligence arrived of the enemy's columns advancing upon him across the Katzbach. Blucher's plan was forthwith changed; his principal force concealed behind some hills, and the advanced guard merely put forward as if acting on the defensive. The snare took, the enemy rushing on with his usual violence, found himself suddenly in the midst of the allied army, and compelled to battle on all sides. The contest, although severe, was never doubtful; Macdonald's army, completely defeated, sought safety in flight. His loss, from the want of official details, it is not in our power to record precisely; but 50 or 60 pieces

of cannon all accounts agree in stating to have been taken by the allies in the battle of the Katzbach. Beyond this period we likewise remain ignorant of Blucher's operations. That they have continued successful, however, we learn from a loose hint in the French intelligence, which states that Macdonald has taken a strong position on the Neisse, a river in Lusatia, about sixty miles in the rear of his former station on the Katzbach.

Of the Swedish Crown Prince's operations up to the end of August, a regular series of his bulletins gives a clear, and, at the same time, a most flattering detail. The plan of the enemy against Berlin, already suspected from the reports of spies, was confirmed and laid open to his Royal Highness by the defection and arrival of the French General Jomini (chief of the staff to Ney). The allied army, in consequence, was immediately concentrated between Spandau and Potsdam, and marched forward on the 21st August. On the 23d it was attacked by the enemy, 80,000 strong, under Oudinot, at the village of Gross Beren (south of Potsdam). The contest, although severe, was not long doubtful. Oudinot was beaten at all points, lost 26 pieces of cannon, 30 caissons, much baggage, and 1500 prisoners, and was pursued beyond Trebbin, and greatly harassed in his rear. By this success the corps of Girard, which manœuvred upon Berlin from Magdeburg, was not only prevented from combining its operation with the army of Oudinot, but separately attacked on the 27th by Generals Hirschfeld and Czernischeff, at Belzig, and completely routed, with the loss of about 3500 prisoners, including nearly 130 officers, eight pieces of cannon, and almost all its baggage. Girard himself was either killed or severely wounded, and there were great hopes of cutting off the remains of his troops. These two successful affairs enabled the Crown Prince to press still more closely upon Oudinot's retreat, which was continued with haste and confusion towards Wittenberg. On the 28th the town of Luckau surrendered to General Tauenzien, with its garrison of 1000 men and nine cannon; and on the 30th of August we find the advance of this allied army between Juterbock and Zinna, at about six leagues from Wittenberg.

On the lower Elbe, hostilities commenced with the day of the cessation of the armistice. Davoust's corps, including the Danes (whose government has now formally declared war against Sweden), on the 18th of August forced the defensive position General Walmoden's advance had taken near Lauenburg; and on the 21st attacked in force the general's main body near Cammin, without deriving any important advantage. Davoust afterwards moved to the left, and suddenly marched upon Schwerin, where he has taken a strong position, and from whence a detachment has possessed itself of Wismar. As the distance from the latter town to Stralsund is only ninety miles, apprehensions might be entertained for the safety of the Crown Prince's communication with that seaport in Pomerania, were it not that General Walmoden is stated to observe closely the movements of Davoust, and

that the latter does not appear in sufficient strength to venture so far from the Elbe. If Walmoden receives reinforcements, the situation of Davoust may be rendered very critical.

On the Illyrian frontier of Austria, hostilities have likewise commenced along the river Drave, in the vicinity of Villach. The French accounts assign some advantages to Beauharnois' army over General Hiller's advanced guard under General Nugent, in the latter days of August; but even, by their own account, the affairs appear too trifling to encroach upon our limited room.

We have thus endeavoured to give a very superficial sketch of the important events which have signalized the opening of this campaign in Germany; and, judging without the least bias, it appears that the balance of success has thus far been decidedly and greatly in favour of the allies. The attack on Dresden certainly failed, and our regret at the missing of a blow which, if successful, would have proved vitally destructive to Bonaparte, is accompanied by sensations of admiration at the daring project. The short distance to which the grand army retired, their subsequent success over Vandamme, combined with the victories of the Brandenburg and Silesian armies, render Bonaparte's present position very precarious, and the success of a second attack far more probable. We therefore look with confidence to his being compelled to abandon the line of the upper Elbe, pressed and threatened as he stands from all sides. While thus our hopes are most sanguine, we should, on the other hand, not despair of ultimate success, were even Bonaparte fortunate enough, by one or more victories, to stem for a while the torrent of outraged patriotism which menaces his existence. The struggle would only be of longer duration: his resources for replenishing his ranks are now greatly inferior to those of the allies, whose subjects, instead of being dragged by conscription, flock willingly to the banners of liberty. Nay, so widely have matters changed in a few short years, that sovereigns are now forced into the contest by their indignant subjects at the peril of their crowns. The Antigallican enthusiasm which now animates nearly the whole Continent, is not dissimilar to the Gallican mania for liberty; long defunct, it is true, but sorely felt by the calamities it has spread over Europe. The film which blinded the intellects of nations and their rulers, is burst asunder; both now see clearly the only course which can lead to their salvation.—"Napoleon," says the recent proclamation of the Swedish Crown Prince, "cannot live in peace with Europe, unless Europe be his slave: to arms then we must have recourse, to conquer repose and independence."—"The hydra of revolution," says another recent manifesto of the Emperor of Russia," was engendered in blood, was nurtured in blood, and must be crushed by blood!"—This great revolution in opinion, the offspring of Britain's *single-handed* and uninterrupted resistance to the devouring ambition of the imperial Jacobin, is what we build our greatest hopes on for the

emancipation of the world. Animating, as it does, every limb of the colossal coalition of England, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, and Austria, can we reasonably doubt of success, when the latter power *alone*, and with Russia assailing her rear, would have crushed Bonaparte by the battle of Aspern, had she known how to avail herself of the fruits of her valour?

SPAIN.

After the series of desperate conflicts which took place along the western Pyrennees in the last week of July, the two hostile armies, as if momentarily exhausted by the exertion, remained for almost a month in their respective previous positions. The interval was employed, on the part of the enemy, in fortifying a position on the French frontier, extending from the neighbourhood of Vera to St. Jean de Luz; while, on the part of the British, strenuous exertions were made for resuming the siege of St. Sebastian. On the 26th of August, only, the batteries recommenced their fire; and, as an accessary measure, the island of Santa Clara, on the back of the castle of St. Sebastian, was attacked and carried the same day. On the 30th several apparently practicable breaches were effected, and the next day, at eleven o'clock A.M. the storming columns moved out of the trenches to the assault. They were not only exposed to a destructive fire of shells and grape, but the explosion of an enemy's mine caused further and great loss. When arrived at the principal breach, its external appearance was soon proved to have been very fallacious. The only accessible part admitted our troops by but single files; and, if gained, a scarp, of 20 feet perpendicular height, was to be descended, to arrive at the level of the town; and this under a shower of musketry and grape, on both flanks and from the enemy's defences in front. One whole hour was spent in vain, to effect a lodgment on the breach; every effort of many successive assaults was almost certain death, "no man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge."

In this desperate state of the attack, Sir Thomas Graham, who commanded the siege, resorted to a bold measure, the success of which does great honour to the skill of our artillery. The batteries were directed to resume their fire, with this difference, that, by a level triflingly higher, the balls passed a few feet above the heads of the assailants, and drove their opponents from the defences whence they had so much galled our men. This admirable manœuvre was executed with a precision of practice beyond example. Meanwhile a Portuguese column stormed a smaller breach near the great one; another detachment occupied the right of the great breach; and, after some further efforts, the assailants succeeded in forcing their way into the town; but it was not before two o'clock P.M. that the enemy was completely driven from all the complication of defences prepared in the streets, and chased into the castle, leaving the British in possession of the town and of 670 prisoners. Our loss in this desperate undertaking was as follows:

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.	
	Offic.	*Men.*	*Offic.*	*Men.*	*Offic.*	*Men.*
British	67	535	70	1033	1	40
Portuguese	8	181	35	559	0	4
	75	716	105	1592	1	44

Total *hors de combat*, 181 officers and 2352 men.

The castle is credibly, although not yet officially, stated to have, on the 9th September, surrendered its garrison of 1800 men as prisoners of war.

Since the recommencement of the siege of St. Sebastian, Soult had concentrated the greater part of his force to Urogna; his movements indicated an intention of making another attempt to relieve the place; and Lord Wellington prepared for his reception, by stationing the 4th Spanish army, under General Freire (supported on each flank by a British division in reserve), on the heights of St. Marcial, in front of the left bank of the Bidassoa; and the 7th British division, under Major-General Inglis, in front of Lezaca. The French army actually crossed the Bidassoa on the morning of the 31st, and, at the very moment that St. Sebastian was stormed, furiously attacked the Spanish line at all points; but the gallantry of our Peninsular allies, "equal on this occasion to that of any troops Lord Wellington ever saw engaged," repelled every attempt of Soult, not only in the morning, but again in the afternoon, when the assault was repeated with increased obstinacy; so that the two British divisions in reserve were never wanted to aid their brethren in arms.—Higher up the Bidassoa, another French column moved at the same time upon the position of General Inglis, forced him from it, and obliged him to retire through Lezaca, in order to take a more tenable position, in the rear of that place, at St. Antonia. Here our troops made head successfully against every effort to dislodge them, without needing the reinforcements called to their support. The enemy, finding his exertions in this quarter unavailing, and probably informed of the failure of the attack on St. Marcial, retraced his steps to the Bidassoa: but that river having swollen by a storm of rain, the rear of their column, prevented from crossing in the line of their retreat, marched to Vera, across the bridge at which place, they, at dawn of day on the 1st September, cut their way through Major-General Skerrett's brigade, whose fire, although unable to arrest them, caused them great loss. This battle of the Bidassoa cost the allies as follows:—

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.	
	Offic.	*Men.*	*Offic.*	*Men.*	*Offic.*	*Men.*
British	5	46	25	309	0	32
Portuguese	6	82	22	364	0	53
Spanish	18	243	82	1265	5	66
	29	371	129	1938	5	151

Total *hors de combat*, 163 officers and 2460 men.

From the east of the Peninsula, our accounts extend to the 19th of August. Suchet continued his retreat towards the French frontier across the Ebro, leaving strong garrisons in Tortosa and Tarragona; and the allied army, under Lord Wm. Bentinck, following his steps. On the 1st of August his lordship arrived before Tarragona, where, on the 3d, he was joined by the

Duke del Parque's corps. Had the division of General Sarsfield arrived at the same time, instead of the 11th, as it did, his lordship had proposed to follow Suchet as far as the Llobregat, and to attack the latter's advance at Villafranca. But without that succour, the British general did not think it prudent to go beyond the river Gaya, where he took a position with the greater part of his army, while the remainder began to prepare for the siege of Tarragona, two leagues behind. Meanwhile, however, Suchet collected his army, joined to it 6000 men from Decaen's corps, and advanced against the allies. Lord Bentinck, not deeming the position on the Gaya defensible, retired to Cambrills on the 16th, leaving Tarragona free to the approach of the enemy, who, it appears, arrived the next day, withdrew the garrison, blew up all the fortifications, and on the 18th returned to the place from which he had come. Suchet's army is now again posted near Barcelona, having suffered, as it is stated, great diminution by drafts for that of Soult, who, in his turn, has contributed a good portion of his cavalry for Bonaparte's necessities on the Elbe. To supply these chasms, a new levy of 30,000 men for Spain, has been directed by an imperial decree of 3d September.

Saragossa, or rather its fort, surrendered to Mina a garrison of 500 men and 47 cannon (30th July).—Thus, with the exception of a portion of Catalonia, of the extent of an English county, the whole of the Peninsula has been reconquered by Spanish perseverance and British valour from the grasp of its usurper. The services of Lord Wellington have been rewarded, on the part of Spain, by the grant of an estate in Granada, called *Soto di Roma.*

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

As late as the 30th of July the plague had been on the increase in Malta, the deaths in La Valette averaging 50 per day. The country too had partaken of the pestilential infection, and one British regiment had slightly felt its effects.

Our Gazettes are filled with a variety of gallant achievements by our enterprizing naval officers against different hostile ports in the Mediterranean. Of these the most conspicuous is, Admiral Freemantle's attack on Fiume, the road of which he entered on the 3d July. Our troops, being forthwith landed, took the town, demolished the batteries, carried on board all the cannon, a quantity of military stores in depôt, and of confiscated sugar and coffee, gutted the port of its vessels, and sailed away unmolested.

From America we have no interesting news to communicate. The enemy's footing in Canada is now reduced to fort St. George, where his men are circumscribed by our gallant troops within the tenure of a few leagues of British territory.

Lord Aberdeen, whom we mentioned as having set out from England in the capacity of plenipotentiary to the intended congress at Prague, has officially been announced and appointed British ambassador to the court of Vienna.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 26.—MORNING DRESS.

A PLAIN cambric under-dress; a three-quartered muslin or Chinese silk robe worn over it, trimmed round the bottom and up the front with Indian border or needle-work, and finished with a deep flounce of lace. A convent hood and pelerine of white net lace, confined under the chin with a silk cord and tassel. Hair in irregular curls, ornamented with a fancy flower in front. A short rosary and cross of the coquilla bead; bracelets of the same. Slippers of buff or lemon-coloured kid. Gloves a pale tan colour.

PLATE 27.—EVENING DRESS.

A pea-green crape frock, worn over a white gossamer satin slip, with short sleeves of white lace, and waist biassed with lace beading; a deep flounce of lace round the feet, headed with silver netting, the bottom of the sleeves and back finished to correspond. Hair in curls and ringlets, confined on the crown of the head, and intermixed with autumnal flowers. Ear-rings and other ornaments of pearl. Gloves of white French kid; and slippers of pea-green satin, trimmed with silver.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of August to the 15th of September, 1813.

Acute diseases.—Fever, 2....Sore-throat, 2...Acute rheumatism, 3... Measles, 1....Catarrh, 4...Gout, 1... Cholera, 2...Acute diseases of infants, 4.

Chronic diseases.—Asthenia, 10.. Cephalalgia, 3...Vertigo, 1...Cough and dyspnœa, 5....Pleurodyne, 3... Chronic rheumatism, 4....Cardialgia, 1...Gastrodynia, 3...Diarrhœa, 6.....Hœmorrhage, 2.....Cutaneous affections, 3..Female complaints, 4.

The season continues to be propitious to health: yet, in a large and populous city, cases of consequence daily occur, upon which weather has little influence. This is, perhaps, the only report since the commencement of the series, in which no instance of pulmonary consumption has occurred. Some cases of that fatal and unceasing destroyer of the human race, have threatened indeed, but, by using early and active means, the disease has been averted, at least for a time. The division of this complaint into two stages is undoubtedly correct, and may be useful; but in many instances error has been committed by reducing the patient in the first, or what may properly be called the inflammatory stage, too low. We may succeed in subduing a symptom; we may, by bleeding, overcome a stitch in the side, or relieve the cough and sense of tightness in the chest: but there is great danger in carrying this practice too far. The plan of treatment pursued by many practitioners in the

EVENING DRESS.

No. 58. of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. 1 Oct. 1813, at 101 Strand London.

commencement of consumption, is calculated to reduce the strength of the patient, to render him more susceptible of injury from cold, and less able to struggle with a formidable disease. Although it may be proper to follow the antiphlogistic plan to a certain extent, it should never be forgotten, that persons disposed to consumption are exceedingly delicate and unable to bear extremes. From considerable experience, I am convinced, that, by a more tonic plan, and accustoming the patient gradually to endure more cold than is the case at present, with such gentle and agreeable exercise, particularly on horseback, or in a boat, as the case will admit of, many amiable and valuable lives might be saved. In the last purulent stage, I have nothing but palliatives to propose: where the lungs are ulcerated nothing can be effectual; and those cases said to be cured, are either falsely stated, or the disease one which I, amongst many of my brethren, once regarded as true consumption; but which, in fact, may exist without the lungs being diseased, although the symptoms are very similar. The disease I allude to is a chronic affection of the membrane lining the bronchiæ and air-cells, from which a quantity of mucus and purulent matter is discharged: the patient is gradually reduced in strength; the cough is exceeding distressing, and pain considerable; in short, it requires considerable discrimination to distinguish the complaint from consumption. But, though the disease is sometimes fatal, the prognostics are more favourable than in consumption; and the persons whom it chiefly attacks, in general, are approaching to, or have passed, the middle period of life, though no age is exempt.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The exertion of the farmers, aided by the fine weather of last month, has secured one of the most productive harvests within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Britain's autumnal stores were never more abundant, and the grateful heart never had more cause to return thanks for the bounty which has been so liberally bestowed. It is evident, from the extended cultivation of the waste lands, and the appearance of the country, as well as from the provincial reports, that this island never contained so large a portion of human food.

The wheat crop has proved heavy in hand, free from smut and mildew, and the corn large and of the finest quality, except in a few situations where the straw was thrown down. The produce is more than an average crop.

Barley is of the finest quality, both in corn and straw, from the crop being a full hovering one, by which it is much more productive than when it is laid and hedge-grown; producing more than an average crop.

Oats are equally abundant, and the quality fine.

Beans, peas, and the whole of the leguminous species are well

harvested in the southern counties, and from the number and perfection of the kids, promise to be very productive.

Turnips, cabbages, cole, and the whole of the brassica tribe, are a large crop, free from slug and mildew.

Hops are ready for the basket, and more productive than was expected at one time of the season.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1 and 2 is an olive chintz for furniture, designed by Mr. Allen expressly for her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, and is to ornament several of the rooms in the cottage now building in Devonshire. The linings best adapted to this lively and elegant article, are, blue, pea-green, and rose colour, with variegated fringes to correspond. We offer this pattern as a sample of those numerous and beautiful articles for furniture, which are exhibited at the splendid gallery of Mr. Allen, of Pall-Mall; where purchasers may meet with the most fashionable variety, and at the most reasonable prices.

No. 3 is a new Manchester manufacture for gentlemen's waistcoats. The lively contrast of the stripe and ground, will sufficiently recommend this article for autumnal wear. It is sold by Kestevens and Co. York-street, Covent-Garden.

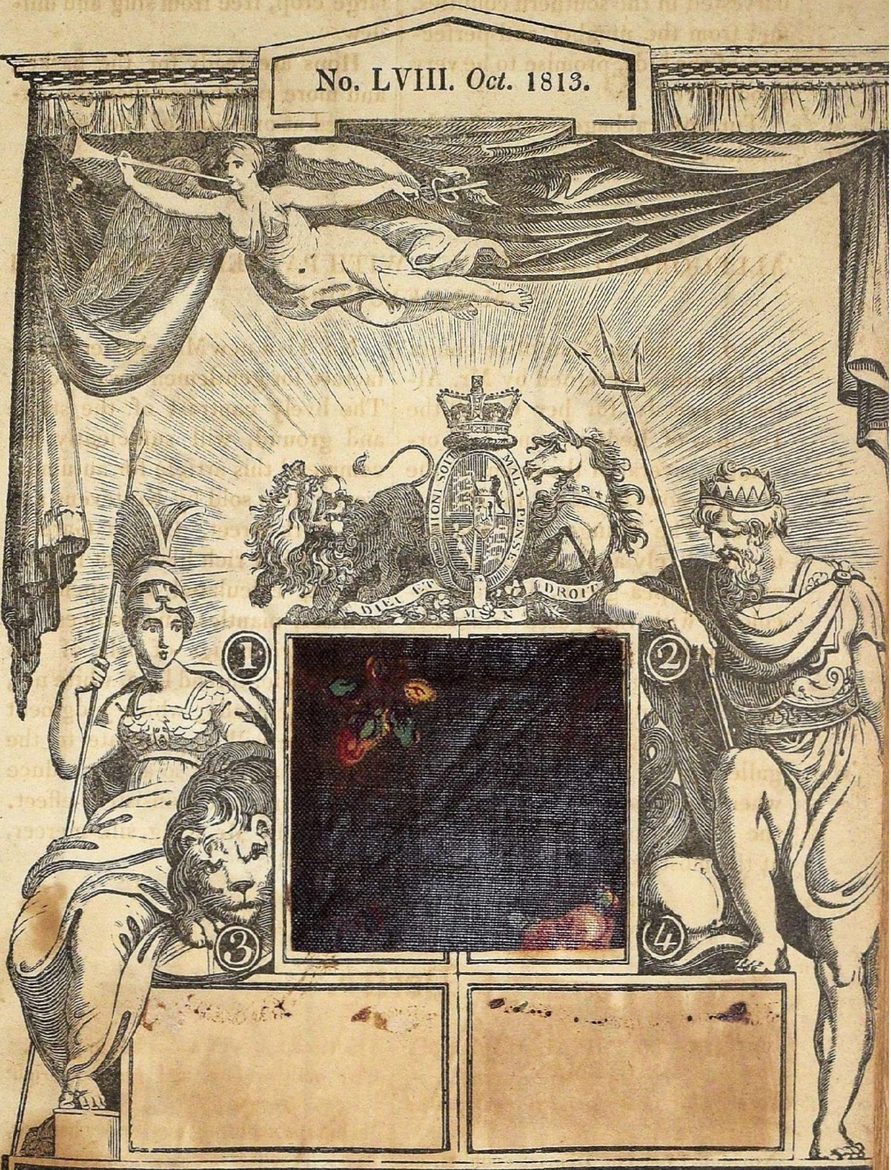
No. 4 is a rich lilac-shot figured sarsnet, calculated for spencers, pelisses, mantles, and bodices. It admits trimmings of silk of the same shade, thread lace, white net, and white beads; which judgment and taste will appropriate to the article, composed so as to produce a becoming and consistent effect. It is sold by Mr. King, silk-mercer, Pall-Mall.

Poetry.

ADDRESS TO THE ALLIED ARMY IN GERMANY.

How blest, O warriors, is your patriot task!
No higher boon of Heaven could virtue ask.
'Tis your's to give a gasping world again
Her long-lost freedom, break oppression's chain:
'Tis your's to stop the tyrant's bloody hand,
And banish'd peace restore to every land;
The tender joys of social life to guard,
Give guilt its fate, and worth its right reward;
To bid the mourning mother dry her tear,
And tell the just to cease their every fear.
"Commerce is free," to Europe loud proclaim,
And grateful Europe e'er shall bless your name.
The glorious view might warm the coldest heart,
And fire the softest soul to act a hero's part.

F. C. S.

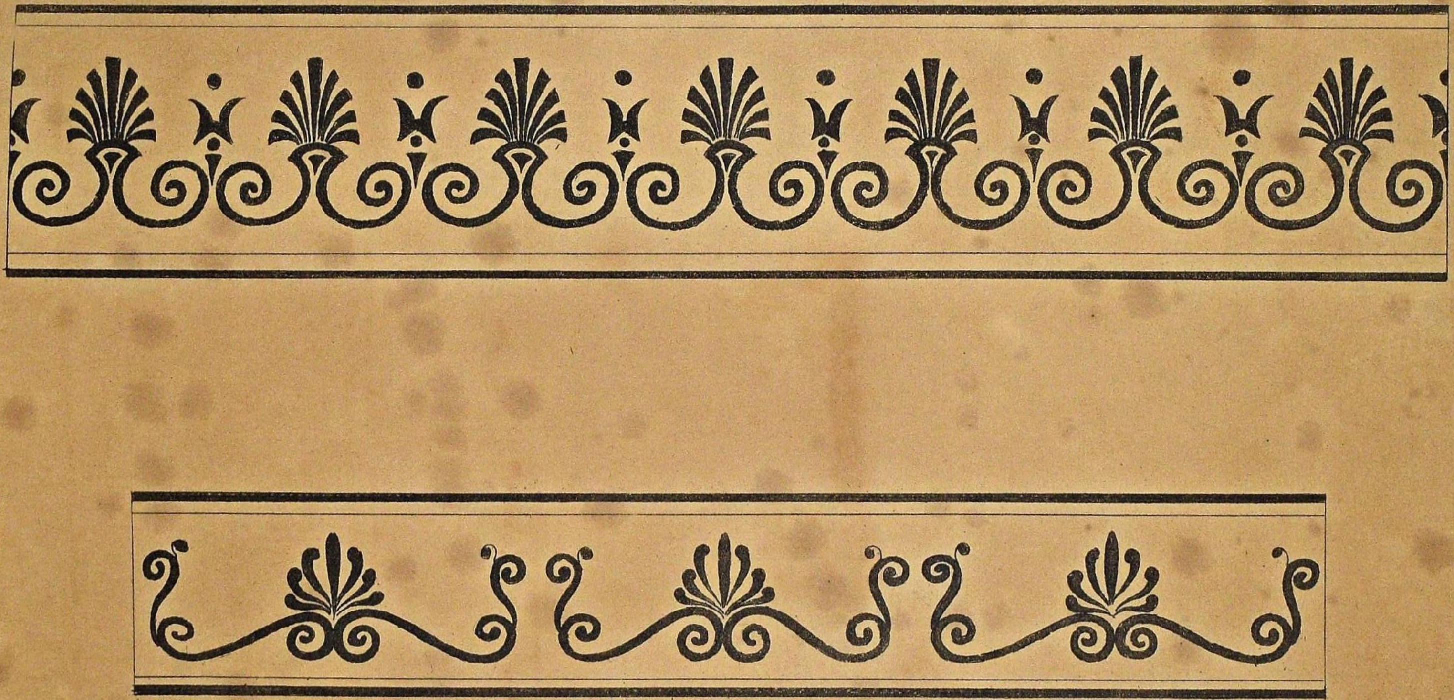


The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that com within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles as they come out; and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, ar united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

R. Ackermann, 101, *Strand*, *London*.



PATTERNS FOR NEEDLEWORK.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Aug. 30 to Sep. 4.

TOTAL, 7,055 quarters.—Average, 89s. 7¾d. per quarter, or 6s. 11¼d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Sept. 4 to 10.

TOTAL, 14,335 sacks.—Average, 89s. 1d. per sack, or 0s. 4½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Sept. 11.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	100	2	Barley	53	1	Beans	70	1
Rye	57	11	Oats	36	8	Pease	64	11

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	65	106	—
——red	60	100	—
——foreign	60	84	—
Rye	40	46	—
Barley, English	30	50	—
Malt	65	84	—
Oats Feed	16	27	—
——Friezland	—	—	—
——Poland	20	39	—
——Potatoe	32	43	—
Beans, Pigeon	56	60	—
——Horse	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	70	85	—
——Grey	56	60	—
Flour per sack	90	—	—
——Seconds	70	80	—
——Scotch	65	75	—

	s.	s.	s.
Tares, per bushel	11	13	—
Turnip	12	15	—
Mustard, brown	20	25	—
——white	14	17	—
Canary, per qr.	100	115	—
Hempseed	56	63	—
Linseed	75	110	—
Clover, red, per cwt.	90	120	—
——white	86	140	—
——foreign, red	72	100	—
——white	90	140	—
Trefoil	20	38	—
Carraway	70	82	—
Coriander	34	38	—

American Flour — s a — s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £42 a £46 a £50.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £16. 16s. to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	95	a	100
—— good	91	a	94
—— ordinary	88	a	90
East India, white	—	a	—
—— yellow	—	a	—
—— brown	—	a	—
MOLASSES 48s. 0d. a 0s. 0d.			
REFINED SUGAR.			
Double Loaves	158	a	160
Hambro' ditto	132	a	136
Powder ditto	132	a	136
Single ditto	130	a	136
Canary Lumps	129	a	132
Large ditto	126	a	128
Bastards, whole	92	a	94
—— faces	97	a	99
—— middles	94	a	96
—— tips	90	a	92
GINGER.			
Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
—— black	70	a	75
RICE, *Bonded.*			
Carolina	24	a	26
Brazil	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	59	0
Jamaica.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java	90	0	a	100	0
COCOA, *Bonded.*					
Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0
SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.					
Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	6
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	6
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	6
—— black	2	5	a	2	6
Pimento	2	0	a	—	0

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 57s. 5½d.

Sugars were very brisk at the beginning of this month, and raw sugars were sold at an advance of 2s to 3s. per cwt. Since then we have had less done, and the prices have gone back about 1s. per cwt. Refined goods continue scarce, and prices steady.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s
Kent	5	5	a	7	10
Sussex	5	0	a	7	0
Essex	0	0	a	0	0

POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent	6	0	a	10	10
Sussex	5	12	a	8	10
Farnham	12	0	a	14	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Sep.	Wheat. s		s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Peas. s		s
Newcastle	11	56	a	108	36	a	42	28	a	32	—	a	—	—	a	—
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	18	96	a	98	59	a	53	34	a	40	56	a	60	—	a	—
Chesterfield	11	96	a	112	—	a	—	40	a	50	104	a	—	96	a	—
Ashborne	11	100	a	108	—	a	—	36	a	40	68	a	78	—	a	—
Guildford	18	—	a	—	48	a	—	36	a	50	—	a	—	58	a	62
Gainsboro'	14	90	a	95	50	a	—	34	a	36	55	a	80	—	a	—
Louth	15	80	a	84	—	a	—	24	a	28	—	a	—	—	a	—
Huntingdon	11	80	a	90	—	a	—	25	a	34	60	a	66	—	a	—
Newark	17	95	a	105	52	a	56	26	a	30	72	a	84	—	a	—
Spilsby	13	84	a	100	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Devizes	16	88	a	111	42	a	50	32	a	42	70	a	88	—	a	—
Reading	18	72	a	107	51	a	52	37	a	44	50	a	70	65	a	66
Swansea	15	120	a	—	56	a	—	28	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Salisbury	14	90	a	100	48	a	53	30	a	40	64	a	84	—	a	—
Penrith	14	101	a	—	52	a	—	36	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Basingstoke	15	84	a	104	48	a	53	30	a	40	68	a	76	—	a	—
Wakefield	17	60	a	90	36	a	50	32	a	38	70	a	78	—	a	—
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	18	99	a	110	46	a	56	35	a	40	54	a	82	—	a	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
—— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
—— Irish	0	0	a	0	0
—— Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1813. AUG	*Wind.*	*Pressure.*			*Temperature.*			*Weather.*	*Evap*	*Rain.*
		Max.	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*			
1	S W 1	30,12	30,06	30,090	75,0°	62,0°	68,50°	cloudy	.120	
2	S W 1	30,06	29,85	29,955	75,0	62,0	68,50	rainy	.085	—
3	S 2	29,85	29,60	29,725	75,0	57,0	66,00	cloudy	.130	—
☾ 4	S W 2	29,75	29,60	29,675	67,0	54,0	60,50	cloudy	.058	.475
5	W 2	29,60	29,30	29,450	67,0	54,0	60,50	rainy	.062	.995
6	W 2	29,80	29,30	29,550	67,0	53,0	60,00	cloudy	.092	.140
7	W 2	30,05	29,80	29,925	71,0	52,0	61,50	fine	.128	
8	S W 1	30,05	30,05	29,050	68,0	51,0	59,50	gloomy	.058	—
9	S W 1	30,28	30,05	30,165	69,0	52,0	60,50	brilliant	.116	
10	S W 1	30,30	30,28	30,290	67,0	52,0	59,50	gloomy	.026	—
11	S W 1	30,35	30,20	30,275	73,0	55,0	64,00	gloomy	.108	.155
○ 12	S W 1	30,20	30,05	30,125	71,0	62,0	66,50	gloomy	.102	—
13	S W 2	30,34	30,05	30,195	72,0	56,0	64,00	fine	.116	
14	S W 2	30,34	30,00	30,170	70,0	51,0	60,50	gloomy	.060	
15	W 2	30,00	29,87	29,935	65,0	56,0	60,50	fine	.094	
16	W 2	29,90	29,87	29,885	70,0	52,0	61,00	fine	.100	.165
17	S W 2	29,87	29,82	29,845	64,0	56,0	60,00	cloudy	.056	
18	S W 2	30,10	29,82	29,960	66,0	52,0	59,00	fine	.118	
☽ 19	S W 1	30,40	30,10	30,250	65,0	53,0	59,00	fine	.116	
20	N W 1	30,40	30,36	30,380	67,0	50,0	58,50	fine	.098	
21	N W 2	30,30	30,10	30,230	61,0	44,0	52,50	showery	.070	.165
22	W 2	30,10	29,90	30,000	58,0	46,0	52,00	showery	.062	.240
23	N W 2	30,45	29,90	30,175	64,0	43,0	53,50	fine	.100	—
24	W 2	30,55	30,45	30,500	66,0	42,0	54,00	fine	.114	
25	N E 2	30,58	30,55	30,565	65,0	42,0	53,50	fine	.070	
● 26	N W 1	30,58	30,54	30,560	68,0	49,0	58,50	fine	.086	
27	N 2	30,54	30,48	30,516	68,0	52,0	60,00	gloomy	.064	
28	N 1	30,50	30,48	30,490	60,0	49,0	54,50	gloomy	.074	
29	N E 1	30,55	30,50	30,525	62,0	50,0	56,00	fine	.074	
30	N E 1	30,57	30,50	30,535	62,0	52,0	57,00	gloomy	.058	—
31	S E 1	30,57	30,35	30,460	62,0	51,0	56,50	gloomy	.050	.090
			Mean	30,111		*Mean*	59,54		2,665	2,425

RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 30.111—maximum, 30.57, wind N. E. 1.—Minimum, 29.30, wind W. 2.—Range, 1,27 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .50 of an in. which was on the 6th and 23d.

Mean temperature, 59°.54.--Maximum, 75°, wind S. W. 1--Min. 42°, wind W. 2--Range 33.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 24°, which was on the 24th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 5,04 inches.--Number of changes, 15.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 2,665 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 2,425 inches.—Number of wet days, 12.—Total rain this year, 19,670 inches.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
3	3	0	1	1	13	6	4	0	0

Brisk winds 0—Boisterous ones 0.

The maximum temperature of 83°, which occurred at the close of the preceding period, was lowered to 75° at the commencement of the present, which was the highest monthly state: the minimum was on the 24th, when the greatest variation in twenty-four hours took place.—On the 4th, the diurnal mean was lowered seven degrees, in consequence of a copious fall of rain, after much lightning, which occurred the day before.—On the 5th, rain fell in torrents in the afternoon, and the weather continued gloomy, with occasional showers the most of the month. The greatest force of evaporation was on the 18th, being a little more than one tenth of an inch in a day: the monthly quantity is half an inch less than the evaporation for July. The atmospheric pressure for the last three weeks has been high, and towards the end almost stationary. Prevailing winds, south-west and west, never exceeded the strength two.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813 AUG.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	N W	30,10	30,08	30,090	73°	61°	67,0°	fine	—	—
2	N	30,08	29,97	30,025	75	60	67,5	fine	—	
3	N W	29,97	29,90	29,935	76	54	65,0	fine	—	
☾ 4	N W	29,90	29,77	29,835	69	55	62,0	fine	.57	—
5	S W	29,70	29,64	29,670	73	55	64,0	showery	—	—
6	N W	29,98	29,72	29,840	69	55	62,0	cloud	—	—
7	N W	30,04	29,98	30,010	72	54	63,0	fine	.41	
8	S W	30,04	30,00	30,020	70	54	62,0	clouds	—	—
9	N W	30,18	30,04	30,110	68	51	59,5	fine	—	
10	N	30,18	30,18	30,180	71	56	63,5	fine	—	
11	S E	30,18	30,10	30,140	77	54	65,5	fine	.43	
○ 12	N W	30,10	30,07	30,085	82	58	70,0	fine	—	
13	N W	30,17	30,10	30,135	72	50	61,0	fine	—	
14	N W	30,17	29,98	30,075	68	59	63,5	fine	.47	
15	N W	29,98	29,95	29,965	71	56	63,5	fine	—	
16	N W	29,97	29,95	29,960	66	54	60,0	fine	—	
17	W	29,97	29,95	29,960	71	55	63,0	fine	—	
18	W	30,14	29,97	30,055	73	50	61,5	fine	.59	—
☽ 19	N W	30,24	30,14	30,190	68	45	56,5	fine	—	
20	Var.	30,24	30,20	30,220	67	45	56,0	fine	—	
21	N W	30,20	30,00	30,100	59	53	56,0	fine	.42	
22	N W	30,03	29,87	29,950	60	45	52,5	showery	—	.39
23	N W	30,27	30,03	30,150	67	45	56,0	fine	—	
24	S E	30,29	30,27	30,280	68	42	55,0	fine	—	
25	E	30,29	30,29	30,290	66	52	59,0	fine	—	
● 26	N E	30,29	30,25	30,270	66	44	55,0	fine	.52	
27	N W	30,25	30,19	30,220	64	51	57,5	fine	—	
28	N E	30,19	30,16	30,175	62	53	57,5	clouds	—	—
29	N E	30,26	30,19	30,225	66	52	59,0	cloudy	—	.17
30	N E	30,26	30,26	30,260	67	53	60,0	fine	—	
31	E	30,26	30,05	30,155	70	53	61,5	fine	.40	
			Mean	30,083		*Mean*	60,8	*Total*	3,81*in.*	.56*in.*

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 30,083 inches; highest observation, 30,29 inches; lowest, 29,64 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 60,8°.—highest observation, 82°—lowest, 40°.—Total of evaporation, 3,81 inches.—Rain .56 in.—in another gauge, .59 inch.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for SEPTEMBER, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42 per sh.	Croydon Canal . .	£18 5s. pr. sh.
Globe Ditto . .	103 do.	Ellesmere Ditto .	66 do.
Eagle Ditto . .	£2 10s. do.	Kennett and Avon Ditto .	20 do.
Hope Ditto .	2 5s. do.	Oxford Ditto .	645 do.
London Dock Stock .	£100 per ct.	Huddersfield Ditto . .	12 5s. do.
East India Ditto . .	110½ do.	Coventry Ditto . .	800 do.
West India Ditto . .	145 do.	Leeds and Liverpool Ditto	204 a 205 do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	£38 pr. sh.	Nottingham Ditto .	210 do.
Kent Ditto . . .	56 10s do.	London Institution .	45 do.
West Middlesex Ditto .	30 do.	Surry Ditto . . .	13 5s. do.
Birmingham Canal .	545 do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, Old	195 a 200 do.
Erewash Ditto .	800 do.	Ditto Ditto, New	355 do.

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PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills.3½d.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. for ac. Aug.25
Aug.21	—	57 3/4 a 1/2	58	72 3/4	87 3/8	14 1/2	6 3/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*	£22. 15.	57 3/4 a 1/2
23	218 1/4	57 5/8 a 1/2	58	72 3/4	87 1/2	14 1/2	6 5/8 *Pm.*	—	4 5/16	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*		57 5/8 a 1/2
24	—	57 5/8 a 3/4	58	72 3/4	87 1/2	—	6 5/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis.*	1 *Dis.*		57 5/8 a 3/4
25	219	57 5/8 a 1/2	58	72 7/8	87 1/2	14 9/16	6 5/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.*	Oct. 12.	58 1/8 a 3/8
26	219	57 5/8 a 3/8	57 7/8	72 3/4	87 1/4	14 9/16	6 1/2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*		58 1/8 a 7 7/8
27	—	57 1/8 a 3/8	57 3/4	72 7/8	87 1/8	14 1/2	6 3/8 *Pm*	56 1/2	4 5/16	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*		57 7/8 a 1/2
28	—	57 1/4 a 1/8	57 3/4	72 5/8	87 1/8	14 1/2	6 *Pm.*	—	—	88	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	3 *Pm.*		57 3/4 a 1/4
30	—	57 a 6 7/8	57 1/2	72 3/8	86 7/8	14 1/2	5 3/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	166	1 *Dis.*	4 *Pm.*		57 1/2 a 1/4
31	—	57 a 6 3/4	57 1/2	72 1/4	86 7/8	14 1/2	5 1/2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	4 *Pm.*		57 1/4 a 1/2
Sep. 1	217 1/2	56 7/8 a 7 1/4	57 5/8	72 1/4	87 1/8	14 9/16	5 3/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	60 3/4	—	—	1 *Dis.*	4 *Pm.*		57 3/8 a 3/4
2	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
3	217 1/2	57 a 3/8	57 7/8	72 1/2	87 1/4	14 9/16	6 *Pm.*	—	—	—	60 5/8	57 1/2	165 1/2	*Par.*	4 *Pm.*		57 1/2 a 3/4
4	Shut	57 1/4 a 3/8	Shut	73 3/8	87 1/4	14 3/4	6 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	165 1/2	*Par.*	3 *Pm.*		57 5/8 a 3/4
6	—	57 a 1/4	—	Shut	87 1/8	Shut	5 7/8 *Pm.*	—	—	Shut	—	—	—	*Par.*	4 *Pm.*		57 5/8 a 3/8
7	—	57 1/4 a 3/8	—	—	87 1/4	—	6 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	58 1/4	167 1/4	*Par.*	3 *Pm.*		57 1/2 a 3/4
8	—	57 1/2 a 5/8	—	73 1/2	87 1/2	—	6 1/2 *Pm.*	57	—	—	—	58 1/4	—	*Par.*	3 *Pm.*		57 7/8 a 8 1/8
9	—	57 1/2 a 3/4	58 3/8	—	87 3/8	—	6 1/2 *Pm*	—	—	—	60 1/4	Shut	—	*Par.*	2 *Pm.*		57 7/8 a 8 1/8
10	—	57 7/8 a 1/2	—	—	87 3/8	—	6 7/8 *Pm.*	57	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis*	3 *Pm.*		58 1/4 a 7 7/8
11	—	57 5/8 a 3/8	—	Shut	87 3/8	—	6 1/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		57 7/8 a 3/4
13	—	57 5/8 a 8	—	—	87 5/8	—	7 1/8 *Pm.*	57 1/4	—	—	—	—	170	1 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		57 7/8 a 8 3/4
14	—	57 3/4 a 7/8	—	—	87 5/8	—	6 7/8 *Pm.*	57 1/4	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.*		57 1/8 a 1/4
15	—	57 3/4 a 8	—	73 1/2	87 5/8	—	7 *Pm.*	57 1/8	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.*		58 1/8 a 3/8
16	—	57 7/8 a 8	58 3/4	73 1/2	87 1/2	—	7 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		58 1/4 a 3/8
17	—	57 7/8 a 8	—	Shut	87 5/8	—	7 *Pm.*	57 1/8	—	—	—	—	171	1 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		58 3/8 a 1/4
18	—	57 7/8 a 8 1/4	—	—	87 5/8	—	7 1/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*	£24. 8s.	58 1/4 a 1/2
20	—	58 1/2 a 1/4	—	—	88	—	7 1/2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	1 *Pm.*		58 1/2 a 3/4

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